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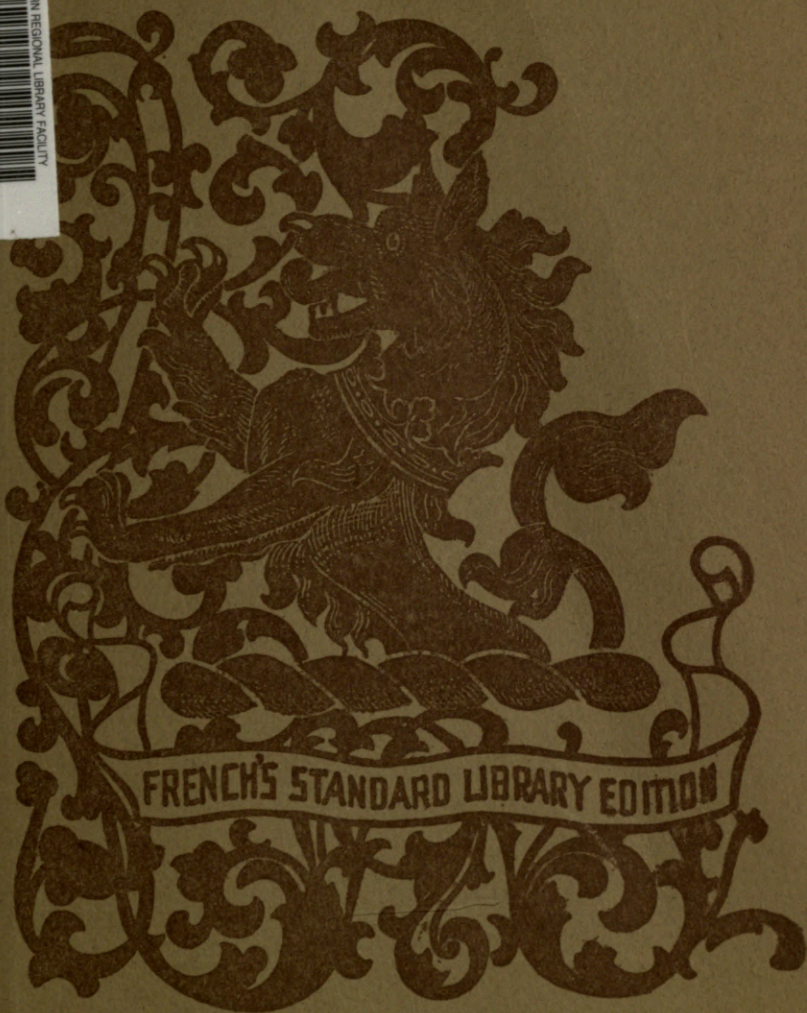
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CIVILIAN CLOTHES

THOMPSON BUCHANAN



SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

PRICE 90¢

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Comedy in 3 acts. By Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne. 6 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

Civilian Clothes

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

THOMPSON BUCHANAN

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In the order of appearance)

1. BILLY ARKWRIGHT
Twenty-five, late lieutenant, A.E.F.
2. NORA
Maid.
3. GENERAL McINERNY
U.S.A., fifty.
4. JACK RUTHERFORD
Late Lieutenant, N.A.
5. FLORENCE LANHAM
Twenty-one.
6. MRS. LANHAM
Fifty-five, her mother.
7. ELIZABETH
Twenty, her sister.
8. SAM MCGINNIS
Twenty-seven, late Captain A.E.F. (winner
D.S.C. medal).
9. MRS. MARGARET SMYTHE
Twenty-nine, friend of the Lanhams.
10. BESSIE HENDERSON
Twenty, friend of the Lanhams.
11. ZACK HART
Fifty-two.
12. MR. LANHAM
Florence's father.
13. MCGINNIS, SR.
14. BELL HOP.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- ACT I. *The Library of the Lanham home, Louisville, Ky.*
- ACT II. *Dining room in the Lanham home, a month later.*
- ACT III. SCENE I: *Parlor, Hotel Gruenwald, New Orleans, a week later.*
SCENE II: *Captain McGinnis's room, Hotel Gruenwald.*

Civilian Clothes

ACT I

SCENE: *The Lanham Library in Louisville, Ky.*

A handsome old-fashioned house. The room looks out on the smart street of the town. Big windows on the left, entrance from the broad hall through double doors center. Broad double doors on R. covered with curtains lead into the dining room. Outside in the hall broad stairs can be seen leading up to the room above. These must be practical, as at times in the action they will be used. The furniture is a mixture of the old and the new, as though showing two elements in the house. Mahogany two hundred years old is mixed here and there with smart modern furniture, making a combination that, while rich and comfortable, would cause a modern decorator to expire in a delirium of horror. But everything shows wealth and position and every piece, taken individually, is in good taste. A big broad divan is placed facing the front, showing the fireplace is there. A handsome screen U.S.R. partly cuts off the room on that side. The deeply recessed windows afford cushioned seats.

TIME: *A winter afternoon in 1919.*

DISCOVERED: *At the rise, BILLY ARKWRIGHT is on the stage alone. He is seated on the divan facing front before the fire, imagined to be where the footlights are. About him is that "do or die" air of the man who has come to make a personal proposal and is going through with it no matter what happens. He is obviously nervous. He crosses and recrosses his legs, moves about on the seat, rises, walks to and fro, obviously going over a speech and arguments in his mind. Reseats himself on the sofa, turns half sideways, goes through pantomime of talking to imaginary girl. Talks to himself so that the audience must get it from his lips, his expression, his pantomime, "Florence, I love you—I've loved you always—I want you to marry me." He pulls out his watch, looks at it again, frowns as a man well satisfied, anxious to have it over with. Goes over, rings bell on R., then returns to R.C.*

BILLY ARKWRIGHT is about twenty-six, tall, dark, slender and handsome. His face, his figure, his manner all show unmistakably the breeding that comes from several hundred years of gentlemen ancestors. He has both the good points and the bad points of his class to a marked degree. Physically brave, honest and honorable, he yet lacks the moral fiber to make a real success of his life if he had to do so. He does not think fast and he cannot think deeply, but he is courteous. He loves everybody, and everybody loves him for his nature and weaknesses. His chief weakness is conviviality. He will drink with anybody and he can't stand much.

NORA answers the bell, entering center. She is an Irish woman in her forties, with remains of unusual good looks and the air of the privileged

servant who has been in the family at least twenty-five years and nursed the daughter of the house. She is thin, her face is sharp and her tongue can be sharper when she lets it go. Between ARKWRIGHT and NORA is the air of people who have known each other for years. NORA is dressed in a maid's costume.

BILLY. (*Elaborately consulting his watch*) Nora, does it always take young ladies just half an hour to dress?

NORA. No, sir—sometimes it takes much longer.

BILLY. Humph! (*Severely*) I've been waiting on Miss Florence Lanham exactly thirty-two minutes.

NORA. Well, Mr. Arkwright, to my certain knowledge we've all been waiting on you a couple of years.

BILLY. (*Severely*) Nora, you take base advantage of the fact that once you used to spank me.

NORA. And Miss Florence too—I never knew which of you needed it the most. (*Pause.*)

BILLY. Are you sure Miss Florence is at home?

NORA. Well, she always is to you, sir.

BILLY. Oh!

NORA. Besides, I think she was expecting you.

BILLY. (*Quickly—nervously*) What makes you say that?

NORA. Well, sir, I've noticed ever since she got back from France, Miss Florence has been sort of—er—expecting *something*—

BILLY. Something—er—a—pleasant?

NORA. Well, sir, sometimes it's pleasant and sometimes it ain't—but they all like to have it over with—

BILLY. Oh!

NORA. I'll tell Miss Lanham you are waiting, sir. (*Turns to exit center.*)

BILLY. Oh, Nora— (*Going up—she pauses*

and half turns.) Will you fix it—so—er—we—ah—are not disturbed?

NORA. (*Turns, straight front, a grin comes on her face, she nods, he nods*) I understand, sir—— (*Gets to door, half turns, affectionately*) Good luck, Mr. Billy—they all like to have it over with. (*She exits c.*)

(*BILLY draws long breath of a man setting himself for an ordeal. There is a light noise outside the center door. Nerving himself, BILLY strides to the door, gulps a couple of times, prepares to begin with a rush.*)

BILLY. (*As door opens, speaks with rush, L. of door*) Florence, I've been waiting for——

GEN. MCINERNY. For me, Mr. Arkwright?

BILLY. (*Aghast*) Huh! Not by a darned sight! (*Turns D.C. in disgust.*)

(*GENERAL MCINERNY is a West Pointer who has gone up fast on account of the war. He is a man between forty-five and fifty, of average height or a trifle under, beginning to enlarge a little at the waist,—a smooth-faced, keen-eyed man of the world. And like most West Pointers, he has a good idea of the main chance and the advantages of the right sort of marriage. It is obvious that all the joy has gone out of life for BILLY. He comes down, sits disgustedly L. end of sofa. The GENERAL looks at him keenly, moves down, takes another chair R.C. A long pause.*)

GENERAL. Do you ever notice, Mr. Arkwright, the atmosphere of places? Now I'm peculiarly sensitive to it.

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II

BILLY. (*Grumpy*) Really—I never would have guessed it. (*Pause.*)

GENERAL. Take this Lanham house, for instance, —there's an atmosphere about this room that's unmistakable—an atmosphere—warmth of cordiality—why, I've never entered the house that I haven't felt perfectly at home.

BILLY. I remember in France you used to tell us, General McNerny, it doesn't take a great deal to make an old field soldier feel at home.

GENERAL. Precisely! (*Pause. BILLY glares at his watch.*)

BILLY. Forty minutes!

GENERAL. (*Looks at his watch*) Just five o'clock.

BILLY. (*Innocently*) Time for retreat, General.

GENERAL. Generals don't stand retreat, Lieutenant——

BILLY. (*Indicating his clothes*) Neither do civilians, General. (*Pause.*)

GENERAL. You've known Miss Lanham a long time?

BILLY. When the first settlers built a fort on this river to keep away the Indians there was a family of Lanhams and a family of Arkwrights.

GENERAL. Mayflowers?

BILLY. No—Virginia.

GENERAL. Wonderful girl, Miss Lanham, energetic, efficient, prompt.

BILLY. Yes, prompt—forty-two minutes.

GENERAL. Never will I forget the first time I met her—— (*BILLY doesn't pay much attention, though GENERAL talks on, pleased with his own ideas.*) It was at the San Mihiel show——

BILLY. San Mihiel?

GENERAL. Yes, after you had been transferred to the Argonne. We were getting troops up into position before the show started. I had gone forward past the Brigade O.P. It was black as your hat——

had just gotten to one place where there was a shaded light when who should I find there but a girl handing out hot chocolate to the doughboys as they came by. It was Miss Lanham.

BILLY. *Flo!*

GENERAL. She was a Red Cross canteen girl, but that wasn't exciting enough, I suppose, for there she was, right up almost in the front line, with a Salvation Army get-up, handing out chocolate to the boys. Any man would fight when he saw women like that, you know——

BILLY. You did not let her stay, did you?

GENERAL. Of course not—ordered her back in a hurry. (*Pause—chuckles.*) Found out afterwards she didn't go!

BILLY. Just like Flo—I never could make her do anything——

GENERAL. Wonderful girl! (*Pause.*) Wonderful wife for some lucky man——

BILLY. (*Rises—looks at the GENERAL with sudden alarm and suspicion—the GENERAL shifts uncomfortably*) Now I know what you're here for——

GENERAL. Nothing of the sort——

BILLY. Oh, yes, it is—all dressed up in your new uniform and all your decorations—you're here to-day to propose to her——

GENERAL. Ridiculous!

BILLY. (*Moving L.*) I agree with you.

GENERAL. (*Crosses to L.*) Well, really, Mr. Arkwright, since you take that tone I don't see what would be so ridiculous about a proposal by me.

BILLY. (*Turning to GENERAL*) Florence Lanham's not the girl to waste herself on an old man.

GENERAL. (*Facing BILLY, front of sofa*) Waste herself! Indeed! While I do not think this sort of discussion is the best taste, still, since you have forced it, I must say that I consider Miss Lanham

too intelligent a lady to throw herself away on a young whippersnapper——

BILLY. (*Going to c. in front of sofa*) Declare yourself—are you or aren't you?

GENERAL. Why, I—I——

BILLY. Well, if you won't declare yourself, I will. I came here to propose this afternoon. Now give me a chance.

GENERAL. (*Crossing to R.C.—pause*) Well, since you are so bold about the matter, Mr. Arkwright, I'll be equally frank—that is what I came for this afternoon. (*They look at each other. Pause.*)

BILLY. (*Suggestively—sits L. end of sofa*) I was here first.

GENERAL. But I would suggest in view of——

BILLY. Nothing doing—that “age before beauty” stuff don't go with me. (*Both sit obstinately.*)

(GENERAL *sits R. end of sofa—long pause.*)

GENERAL. See here, young man, doesn't it strike you we are acting like a couple of asses? (*They turn and look at each other.*)

BILLY. Speak for yourself, General.

GENERAL. But if we both stay——

BILLY. I'll match you——

GENERAL. You're on—— (*They rise, swing around to R. and L. end of table. Each produces a coin, stand at the table just back of the divan. As they put their coins down*) May the best man win!

BILLY. May I win!

GENERAL. We'll see——

JOHN RUTHERFORD. (*C. at the door*) Hello—— everybody——

GENERAL. Lord!

(JOHN RUTHERFORD *is tall, clean-cut, good-looking, good manners, good clothes, twenty-five, and*

*thinks on Tuesdays, sometimes. Comes down—
takes in picture.)*

RUTHERFORD. Matching? May I get in?

BILLY. Don't know—— (*Looking at GENERAL.*)
Say, Rutherford, when was the last time you proposed to Flo?

RUTHERFORD. You've got your nerve asking that!

BILLY. Isn't he an ass? You know, every fellow in the town takes Flo like the measles—— When was it? Last week? (*RUTHERFORD hesitates, shakes his head.*) When?

RUTHERFORD. (*Hesitates*) Well—well—I haven't seen her since yesterday——

BILLY. You belong in——

RUTHERFORD. (*Putting down his money*) Let me get this—what are we matching for?

BILLY. Odd man wins—the other two get out and give him a chance——

RUTHERFORD. They don't quit for good?

BILLY. No, for this afternoon——

RUTHERFORD. Oh, I can ask tomorrow just as well——

(*Position—GENERAL L. of table, RUTHERFORD back of table, BILLY R. of table.*)

BILLY. Yes, it might be a good idea to give her a day's rest. Everybody down—— (*Nods—they put coins down.*) Everybody up! (*All lift hands.*)

RUTHERFORD. Heads——

GENERAL. Heads——

BILLY. Heads—confound it!

FLORENCE LANHAM. (*At the door*) I hope I didn't keep anybody waiting—— (*All grab their coins and look innocent.*)

BILLY. (*Looks at watch*) Fifty minutes, and then comes a minute too soon——

(FLORENCE LANHAM is twenty-one, about five feet four inches, with fair hair and blue eyes. One's first impression is "What an unusually beautiful person." To the ordinary observer this impression of beauty, of self-possession, of assurance continues, but the discriminating man finds something disturbing. Proud, impatient of restraint, impulsive, lovable, and withal possessed of tremendous nervous energy, hers is a crowded single-track mind which makes of her life a series of rear-end collisions. When the inevitable obstacle that should have been foreseen arises she is apt to blame fate and override it rather than herself and try to get around it. She has never had anything she did not want ferociously and never gotten anything she did not tire of immediately. Position, training, wealth have conspired to make her a snob, but she hates snobs when she knows them. Withal there is tremendous happiness in store for her and the right man who shall conquer her.)

FLO. (*As the men leave the table*) This is jolly! Awfully nice of you to drop in. (*Gives right hand to GENERAL—left hand to RUTHERFORD—nods to BILLY. BILLY takes his own left hand with his right—shakes it.*)

BILLY. Charmed, I'm sure.

GENERAL. (*Very much the courtier, to R.C.*) You are always worth waiting for, Miss Lanham.

FLO. Thank you, General. (*Sit L. end of settee.*)

RUTHERFORD. You certainly came just in time.

FLO. Why?

RUTHERFORD. Well, two of us were about to go.

FLO. Which two?

BILLY. (*Promptly*) Jack and General McInerny. (*The two show hostility.*)

RUTHERFORD. Me?

GENERAL. Nothing of the sort.

FLO. I should say not! You are all to stay for tea—I've already ordered it!

(NORA appears, rolling in tea-table, from door R. Rolls it down beside divan in front of group. She tries to pantomime to BILLY that it's not her fault and she is for him.)

FLO. You needn't wait, Nora. (NORA, leaving tea-wagon, crosses to R. and exits unwillingly. FLO looks from one to the other.) Nora is an old dear, you know, but she's spoiled utterly. (*She sits L. end of sofa, begins to serve tea.*) If I allowed her to stay she would at least be telling you, General, what she thinks of the Army, and putting Billy in his place.

GENERAL. I'd rather like to see someone put Mr. Arkwright in his place. (*Sits R.C.*)

BILLY. (*L. of FLO, standing*) Nora can. Remember, Flo, the time she caught me kissing you and spanked you for leading me into temptation?

FLO. I remember nothing. Cream or lemon, General?

GENERAL. Lemon.

(FLO puts rum in tea and passes cup to GENERAL.

JACK RUTHERFORD returns and sits R. of FLO. While FLO fixes cup for RUTHERFORD—)

GENERAL. Are all your servants down here old retainers? For instance, that very imposing butler I've seen—with the knee breeches and silk stockings?

FLO. Knee breeches—that's a fad of mother's.

No, indeed—but Father discovered he was a slacker and discharged him on the spot. Now that the war is over, however, we are looking forward to the joys of competent men-servants once more. As a matter of fact, I notified the agency to send some today.

RUTHERFORD. Should be plenty of ex-soldiers—

BILLY. Imagine—after charging machine-guns, to come back to passing the soup! I tell you, Flo, advertise—"Wanted, one butler, only D.S.C. men need apply." (*Takes cup from FLO.*)

GENERAL. And if the dinner is dull he can regale us with his adventures.

FLO. (*Mischievously*) Oh, you think my dinners dull, General?

GENERAL. No—none of that—certainly not.

FLO. (*Judicially*) The tone is doubtful. I see I'll have to convince you—we'll make it a week from tonight—

RUTHERFORD. Make what?

FLO. Dinner, of course—all of you—

THE MEN. Thanks, splendid—I'll come—I'll be here, all right. (*A long pause—the men settle back, determined to stay.*)

BILLY. (*Luxuriously—leaning back on chair, L. of sofa*) I could sit here all night—(*The GENERAL and RUTHERFORD look at him*)—and then some . . .

GENERAL. (*Rising and crossing to R.—hands RUTHERFORD cup*) Going my way, Mr. Rutherford?

RUTHERFORD. (*Indignant*) Say, I'm no kitchen police. (*Hesitates.*) You going to stay, William?

BILLY. Till the last lone man retires—and don't call me William.

RUTHERFORD. (*Turns to FLO*) Er—a—by the way, Flo—remember what we were discussing yesterday?

(*BILLY sits bolt upright—the GENERAL turns sharply.*)

FLO. (*Startled*) Y—e—s!

RUTHERFORD. (*Looking toward FLO*) Any chance of changing your mind?

FLO. (*Shakes her head*) No—Jack.

BILLY. (*To RUTHERFORD*) Good night!

FLO. (*To GENERAL*) General, won't you have another cup?

BILLY. No, they don't care for any——

GENERAL. Well, I'll be—— (*FLO hastens to him—they talk in pantomime.*)

RUTHERFORD. (*Cheerfully*) Well—see you tomorrow. (*Starts as though to exit—stops, turns to BILLY, who is taking tea-wagon up to L. corner, and who is grinning at RUTHERFORD.*) You needn't grin. Fifty you don't put it over, either.

BILLY. Go hang yourself!

FLO. I'll be delighted to go, General.

(*GENERAL shakes hands—starts out with a bare nod to BILLY—who grins at him fearfully. FLO comes down R.C. BILLY down L. end of sofa.*)

RUTHERFORD. (*Taking GENERAL'S arm as they go out*) General, I would just like to make a little bet with you—I've a better chance than you have right now. (*They exit.*)

(*FLO turns to BILLY, and they look at each other. It comes over him that the time for proposing has arrived. She is cool—friendly—BILLY looks at her—is suddenly panic-stricken. She sits. A long pause.*)

FLO. (*R. of sofa—after appreciable pause—with rising inflection*) Well?

BILLY. (*L. of sofa*) Er—a—quite well, thank you. (*Another pause. After it has become pronounced—*)

FLO and BILLY. (*Simultaneously*) But—
Flo— (*Turning to each other simultaneously.*)

BILLY. (*Both stop—he moves toward her on the sofa*) I beg your pardon. You were saying—

FLO. I wasn't saying anything— (*Another pause.*) What's the matter, Billy?

BILLY. Nothing—absolutely nothing. What makes you think anything is the matter?

FLO. (*Severely*) Have you had a drink?

BILLY. (*From the bottom of his heart*) No, but I need a dozen—

FLO. Poor boy—I'll get you some tea— (*Rises.*)

BILLY. No. (*With determination.*) I am going to do this on my own.

FLO. (*Sits*) Do what?

BILLY. What I'm— (*Pauses.*)

FLO. Poor Billy boy— (*Reaches over in friendly fashion—puts her hand on his.*) Come, tell Mother all about it—

BILLY. (*Shaking her hand off, resenting her friendly, superior air*) I wish you wouldn't—I don't want to be treated this way—

FLO. (*Playing with him—again putting her hand on his*) Oh, how do you want to be treated?

BILLY. Like—like— (*Desperately*) Oh, Flo, can't you help a fellow out?

FLO. Certainly. Now what have you been doing?

BILLY. And I thought it would be so—easy.

FLO. (*Encouragingly*) Anything is easy if you really set your mind to it. Do like you used to do when you took medicine. Shut your eyes and do it. Come, now. Tell mother all about it.

BILLY. (*Desperately shuts his eyes—holding her hand in both of his*) Flo—will you—will you—be my—mother?

FLO. (*Taking her hand away*) Billy!

BILLY. No, I—— Will you be my——?

FLO. Billy, I believe you're in love.

BILLY. What did you think I had—a pain in my tummy? *(Pause.)* Well, say something.

FLO. I don't know what to say.

BILLY. Nonsense! You were never in that fix in your life!

FLO. *(She is obviously disturbed, but plainly she is interested, even believes herself in love, but something is holding her back, making her try to avoid BILLY'S proposal)* Do I—do I understand, Billy, you are trying to ask——?

BILL. *(Takes her hand)* Flo, I want to marry you——

FLO. *(Teasing to cover her own feelings)* Oh, I'm sure your intentions are noble——

BILLY. *(Piteously)* Please, Flo, stop teasing me——

FLO. *(With genuine regret and feeling)* Billy——

BILLY. *(Taking her hand again)* Say, yes, dear.

FLO. I—I wish I could, Billy.

BILLY. *(In surprise, horror and misery)* Flo, you don't mean that——

FLO. I can't, Billy, I just can't——

BILLY. Why?

FLO. Don't ask me that.

BILLY. *(In the violent emotion of his love and the feeling of a man crossed the first time in his life—rise)* Don't—— You think I'm going to let you turn me down without finding out why? *(His anger and force move her much more than his pleading. Then feeling he hasn't been a gentleman, he weakens.)* Forgive me—I don't mean to talk that way, but—— Oh, Flo, can't you see this is everything to me?

FLO. (*With sympathy*) Billy!

BILLY. Everything, Flo—why, ever since we were kids I've never thought of any one but you. There hasn't been a time since I can remember that I haven't looked forward to that day when we would be married.

FLO. (*Moved—speaking softly*) Yes—I used to think so too——

BILLY. (*Sit*) We both thought so all our lives—why, we can't remember when we weren't sweet-hearts.

FLO. (*Weakly*) Billy, don't——

BILLY. Everybody that knows us expects us to be married——

FLO. I can't marry you now—I just can't.

BILLY. Why?

FLO. There's a reason——

BILLY. Oh, darn that Munyon stuff! Is it because I've been a bit wild, Flo? I'll cut it out. Honestly I will—I've never been as bad as I've been painted and if you'll take me I'll cut out everything—I'll be the good little man who brings the steak home under his arm three hundred and sixty-five days in the year——

FLO. (*Amused and softly*) You dear boy——

BILLY. I'll be your slave, Flo—I'll do anything—everything you want me to—— (*She looks at him, but he does not realize that he is on the wrong track.*)

FLO. I don't want you to do anything, Billy—no man gets a woman by doing anything for her! (*Pause.*)

BILLY. (*With sudden suspicion releases her hand*) You didn't fall in love or make any promise to any man you met over there, did you?

FLO. (*Her armor penetrated—gasps guiltily, stalls*) What an absurd idea!

BILLY. I should think so—you aren't the kind of

girl to become interested in any man you didn't know all about—— (*When he is not looking she sweeps him with one glance that shows how little he really knows her.*)

FLO. (*Her words contradicting her looks*) Of course not——

BILLY. After all, what could you know about a man you just met in France?

FLO. (*Eagerly*) Yes, they do all look alike, don't they—in uniform?

BILLY. But when they get out—— (*Whistles.*) Some of our *best* officers will be our leading barbers and truck drivers. And then some silly girls will have an awakening.

FLO. (*Her head high*) Can you imagine me becoming interested in anyone not well born, Billy?

BILLY. (*Takes her hand again*) Hardly! The Lanhams aren't that way. (*Pause.*) Oh, why can't you love me, Flo? Give me some reason—at least, I'm a gentleman.

(*Throughout the whole scene FLO must have shown that she has been powerfully moved—that she believes she loves him and several times she has wanted to go to him, but has been held back by some strong reason.*)

FLO. (*Obviously casting about for a reason*) I reckon that's it, Billy—you were always too much the gentleman.

BILLY. (*In amazement*) Too much the gentleman?

FLO. Yes—you've always been just that—my slave. You've never made me do anything—a woman has to be made to do things, Billy. Don't you understand? Oh, a lot of suffragettes can preach to the end of time, but that doesn't alter Nature, and when I hear one of them declaring, "No man ever

made me do anything," I always feel like saying, "Yes, but don't you wish he had?" And face to face with her own soul, if she's a regular woman, every time she'll say, "Yes."

BILLY. (*The idea sinking in—in amazement*)
Has anybody ever made you do anything, Flo?

FLO. (*After a pause—softly*) Yes.

BILLY. Who was he?

FLO. That doesn't matter—now.

BILLY. (*Jealously*) What was it? Where was it?

FLO. It was at San Mihiel——

BILLY. (*Exclaiming*) The General!

FLO. (*Impatiently*) Oh, goodness, no! The General couldn't make anybody do anything!

BILLY. (*Relieved*) Oh!

FLO. It was the morning of the attack—I'd gotten up near the front and was putting out hot chocolate to the boys. The General ordered me back, but I slipped around out of his sight and kept on. The shells were coming over pretty fast when some of the infantry marched past to take position. I offered a cup of chocolate to a Captain. He passed it on to one of his men, then asked me how I got there. I told him I walked, and he said I better walk back again. I laughed at him. Next he ordered me back. I refused to go. Then he called me a plucky little fool, boxed my ears as though I'd been a naughty child, and sent me to the rear, crying with rage, my head ringing and a soldier holding each elbow.

BILLY. (*Savagely*) He struck you!

FLO. Hard! I don't believe he realized his strength.

BILLY. The cowardly brute—who was he?

FLO. (*Strong feeling showing through her words*)
He was—a man!

BILLY. And you said you weren't interested in anybody. What's his name?

FLO. That doesn't matter.

BILLY. Well, it does matter. I'll——

FLO. There's nothing you can do—now.

BILLY. Why?

FLO. (*Simply*) He's dead. (*Pause.*) With a Distinguished Service Cross—— (*Pause.*)

BILLY. For boxing your ears?

FLO. For extraordinary heroism in capturing a machine gun and killing five Germans single-handed. You see, he didn't limit himself to striking women.

BILLY. All the same he was a big, rough-necked brute!

FLO. But don't you wish you'd done it? All of it, Billy—even boxing my ears?

BILLY. There's been lots of times I wanted to——

FLO. (*Turns to him*) I wish you had. Oh, Billy, why didn't you make me love you? Why didn't you make me marry you before you went over there? It would have saved me so much!

BILLY. (*Takes her hand*) I—I wanted to, Flo—but I—I'm not making any grand-stand play, but—well—I thought I might get knocked off over there and it wouldn't be fair to you——

FLO. As though a woman ever asked a man to be fair when she loved him!

BILLY. (*Eagerly*) You did love me?

FLO. Yes, Billy, I thought I did.

BILLY. Then I'll make you certain of it—I'll make you love me if I have to beat you three times a day!

(She is closer to him than she has been yet, half-amused, half-wistful, wholly moved—puts her hand on his—softly.)

FLO. Billy, I——

(Feeling she is about to yield, BILLY turns to her

impulsively, just as MRS. LANHAM enters, accompanied by ELIZABETH LANHAM. MRS. LANHAM is short, she is fat, she is handsome with the distinction and the manner that it is popularly supposed takes three generations to acquire. She has more than a fair appreciation of the honor it will be to any man to become her son-in-law and she is determined to choose a son-in-law worthy of her. Moreover, she has never forgotten that she was once a great beauty and that she made a worthy marriage. She is about sixty years old, ineligible young men have been known to call her "The Dragon," but she does not know many ineligible young men. She is absolutely without humor.

(ELIZABETH LANHAM is what her mother was at twenty-five and she will be her mother over again when she reaches that age.

(Both MRS. LANHAM and ELIZABETH are dressed for the street and have evidently just come in. Both take in the situation at a glance and their mutual delight shows that both completely misunderstand it.)

ELIZABETH. (*Gaily*) What did I tell you, Mother? There they are—wooing and scallawagging——

BILLY. (*Rises—jumps to his feet guiltily*) Don't you believe it, Mrs. Lanham. I am wooing, all right, but Flo is doing the scallawagging——

MRS. LANHAM. (*Completely misunderstanding—comes down to divan*) I'm sure it wasn't very serious scallawagging—and I know you've both made me very happy. (*Kisses FLO—holds out left hand to BILLY.*)

FLO. (*Gasps*) Mother!

(BILLY's face grows tragically blank. FLO sees the unfortunate position he is in.)

MRS. LANHAM. Don't say a word. My mother caught your father and me the same way—we were married very shortly afterwards.

BILLY. (*Starts to speak*) But, Mrs. Lanham—

FLO. (*Quickly, with assumed gayety*) Don't spoil mother's good time by telling her. She'd rather guess the secret.

(BILLY gives her a quick, thankful look, turns to L.
ELIZABETH gets to back of table c.)

MRS. LANHAM. (L.C.) Guess? It wasn't much of a guess.

FLO. (C.) No, it wasn't.

ELIZABETH. (R.) Should say not! Perfectly obvious. (*To BILLY*) Wasn't it?

BILLY. (*Flustered—L.*) Yes—yes—s'pose so—— (*Grins from one to the other.*)

ELIZABETH. Do I kiss Billy—under the circumstances?

BILLY. Does she kiss me, Flo—*under the circumstances?*

FLO. I was——

ELIZABETH. (*Comes over—kisses BILLY—sincerely*) I'm awfully glad—honest. We've all been waiting on you and Sis such a long time.

FLO. Elizabeth! (MRS. LANHAM R.C.)

BILLY. Have you?

FLO. It's time Billy was going——

ELIZABETH. Billy, what makes you so flustered? And Sis—why, both of you—— (*Looks from one to the other, puzzled.*)

BILLY. (*Obviously, greatly embarrassed—he is embarrassed for FLO—she for him*) I'm not flustered.

FLO. (*With deadly calm*) Perhaps, Bess, you'd be flustered if—— (*Stops short.*)

MRS. LANHAM. (*Who hasn't paid much atten-*

tion) I think that's very sensible—a short engagement——

ELIZABETH. And a pink wedding—when? (*She looks from one to the other.*)

MRS. LANHAM. I think——

FLO. I know Billy must be going. Come, Billy!

ELIZABETH. We'll settle this first—when?

FLO. Never!

ELIZABETH and MRS. LATHAM. Never? Why——

FLO. Yes, never! You two walked in here and just jumped at a conclusion you both desired—that's all. Billy and I are not engaged, and, as far as I know, haven't the slightest intention of becoming engaged.

ELIZABETH. Well!

MRS. LANHAM. But—but—I saw—— (*With slight suspicion*) You—you mean you were just——

FLO. Scallawagging, Mother—scallawagging. (*She sits. MRS. LANHAM is horror stricken.*)

MRS. LANHAM. (*With decision*) I don't believe it——

BILLY. You're right, Mrs. Lanham—I was proposing to Flo and——

ELIZABETH. And he didn't get a chance to finish—— (*Goes into laughter—crosses up c.*) Come, Mother.

MRS. LANHAM. (*Shocked to the bottom of her conventional soul*) Elizabeth! (*To others*) Awfully sorry—terribly stupid—but—well—— Come, Elizabeth, I think we had better leave the children—— (*Moves to go. FLO signals to let them go. BILLY won't.*)

BILLY. Wrong again, Mrs. Lanham—she refused me.

MRS. LANHAM. Re—wh—— (*Turns about and sits down R.C.—slowly, with great dignity—flatly*) Well, will somebody tell me the meaning of this?

FLO. I can't very well marry Billy if I don't love him, Mother.

MRS. LANHAM. (*To FLO*) Then what do you mean by waiting so long to break his heart?

ELIZABETH. (*Coming down between chair L.C. and sofa*) Everybody is expecting it of you, Flo—at least, you might be accommodating.

FLO. (*Looks over her shoulder*) Well, Sis, why don't you marry him?

ELIZABETH. (*Startled, but the idea is evidently not as distasteful as it might be*) Me!

BILLY. (*At same time—involuntary horror*) Good L—— I beg your pardon.

ELIZABETH. (*With wounded dignity*) I don't think I can add anything to the discussion. (*Exits R.U.—her feelings miffed.*)

MRS. LANHAM. But, Florence, you must be married sometime——

FLO. Not necessarily.

MRS. LANHAM. (*Horried to the depths of her soul*) Good gracious—I never—— (*Stops, aghast, just as MR. LANHAM enters, centre R.U.*)

MR. LANHAM. (*Coming down L. of MRS. LANHAM*) Hello! Elizabeth said you needed me, Mother——

(MR. ARCHIBALD LANHAM is tall, slender, with white hair and a keen, patrician, smooth face that shows intelligence, humor, and a fundamental kindly outlook on life and its foibles. It is the viewpoint of a man looking down on his fellowmen. He has inherited wealth and acquired more through the practice of his profession—lawyer. Therefore, to the pride of birth and wealth is added the pride of achievement. If any one told him he was a snob he would unhesitatingly admit it and justify it.)

MRS. LANHAM. Needed you! Father! (*Tragically*) Archibald, your daughter is going to be an old maid——

MR. LANHAM. Why the emphasis—*my* daughter?

MRS. LANHAM. (*Sharply*) Because no daughter of mine would be such a fool——

BILLY. I think I'll say good-bye.

FLO. (*Grabs his arm and pulls him down on sofa—in alarm*) Billy, don't leave me with them——

(BILLY, *with hope, instantly and obviously decides not to go—sits on divan beside her.*)

MR. LANHAM. Possibly, Mother, if you leave this to me I can get to the bottom of it.

MRS. LANHAM. (*With obvious unbelief*) Possibly—but I don't think so.

FLO. There's nothing to get to the bottom of. Billy just asked me to——

MR. LANHAM. Good! (*Judicially.*)

FLO. But, Dad, all this concerns Billy and me. I don't see how this is any business of yours and mother's.

MR. LANHAM. Granted, my dear—granted—that's why I'm asking. Now, my dear Florence, have you any deep-rooted objection to the married state?

FLO. How do I know? I've never been married——

MR. LANHAM. Precisely—that's the beauty of the system.

MRS. LANHAM. Archibald, I think you're a perfect idiot. (*He turns to her.*) Whoever heard of any woman objecting before marriage—and if she

objects afterwards she'll only be like every other woman. Thank goodness, my children are normal——

MR. LANHAM. Then, Florence, is it that you know Billy too well?

FLO. Can you know them too well?

MR. LANHAM. Huh! (*Coughs. Moves up.*) We—a—sometimes I've thought so.

BILLY. (*Rises*) Now, Mr. Lanham—see here. I don't want to be passed on like a prize pig. (*L. Comes down and faces LANHAM.*)

FLO. You got me into this, Billy Arkwright. If I have to stand it, you shall too—besides, nobody has pinned any blue ribbons on you— (*Pulls him down again. Pause while all resume poise.*)

MR. LANHAM. Is it because Billy has too much brains?

(BILLY brightens.)

FLO. (*Doubtfully*) N-o-o.

MR. LANHAM. A man of unusual brains is frequently hard to live with—ask your mother.

MRS. LANHAM. (*Innocently*) I suppose one would be—— (*MR. LANHAM looks at her quickly—she goes on, relieved*) Oh, but that won't worry her about Billy.

BILLY. Indeed!

MR. LANHAM. You know, there are many advantages to this marriage.

FLO. Yes.

MR. LANHAM. Your mother and myself and Billy's parents have looked forward to it—dreamed of it——

FLO. Yes, but I'd be marrying him——

BILLY. (*Jumping up*) I'm going——

FLO. (*Grabs his arm—pulls him down*) No, you aren't going—— (*He subsides obediently.*)

MR. LANHAM. (*With look at them that points his speech*) Daughter, believe me, you are making a grave mistake—with most couples it would require years for their relationship to become so perfectly adjusted——

FLO. I don't want to be so well adjusted—every woman likes to fight now and then.

MR. LANHAM. (*With a sigh*) Y-e-s, and even if they don't, they develop wonderful powers of self-sacrifice.

MRS. LANHAM. Keep to the subject, Archibald. The Lanham and the Arkwright places are side by side, and for years I've dreamed how nice it would be when they were together.

FLO. Mother—you can't marry a man just because he lives next door to you.

MRS. LANHAM. Why not? It's a much better reason than most people have.

MR. LANHAM. (*Turning L.*) Have you ever considered this, Flo? We are the same kind of people—we Lanhams and the Arkwrights—we think alike—we've always been the best—we've always held ourselves the best. Now, here in Kentucky we breed for a pure strain in our horses, and in the matter of marriage for ourselves and our children we should be just as careful. That's common sense.

FLO. But in all breeding, isn't it a good idea now and then to cross the strain?

MRS. LANHAM. Florence, don't be vulgar.

BILLY. (*Jumping up*) Oh, what's the use of continuing this? I'll tell you the real reason, Mr. Lanham. (*LANHAM moves down a step.*) Flo did care

for me, but she went abroad and got biffed on a man in France——

MRS. LANHAM. I knew she shouldn't have gone—I told you so, Archibald! (*Rises—moves to L.—*
R.C. *FLO sits quite white and still.*)

MR. LANHAM. (*For first time he is really downright serious*) Is this true, daughter?

FLO. Yes, Father. (*MRS. LANHAM sits.*)

MR. LANHAM. Who is he?

FLO. That doesn't matter—now.

MR. LANHAM. It doesn't matter—? (*FLORENCE rises, they confront each other—he, anxious, determined—she, slender, calm, white but unafraid—after a pause*) He is a gentleman?

FLO. An officer——

MR. LANHAM. I said, "a gentleman."

FLO. (*Indignantly*) Of course, he's a gentleman!

MR. LANHAM. Then why do you refuse his name?

FLO. I told Billy. He's——(*With a slight catch*)——dead——

MR. LANHAM. (*Softly*) Oh! (*Pause.* MRS. LANHAM *sighs with relief. After a pause*) If he were living, you would marry him?

FLO. Of course——

MR. LANHAM. But he is dead.

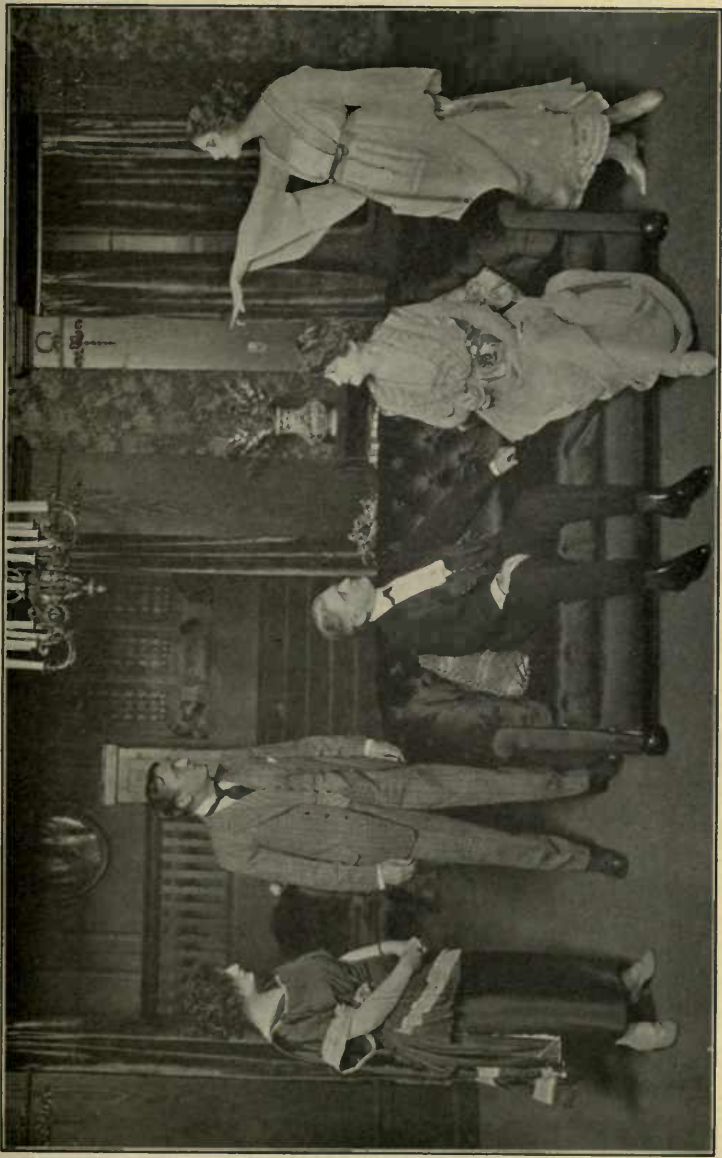
FLO. (*Softly—hardly breathing*) Yes——

MR. LANHAM. Then the greatest objection is removed——

FLO. (*At his tone goes to pieces*) Oh, it isn't that—I just don't love Billy—I don't. (*Goes up stage to center. Stamps foot.*) I don't—I don't—I don't!

MR. LANHAM. (*Holds out his hand, grasps and shakes BILLY's hand*) Allow me to congratulate you—she'll elope with you in a month——

FLO. (*In rage—comes down*) What! (*Together.*)



"CIVILIAN CLOTHES"

BILLY. (*In amazement and delight*) What!

MR. LANHAM. Undoubtedly. My legal experience of thirty odd years has proved to me that whenever a witness, particularly a woman, is unusually vehement, she is invariably *lying*.

FLO. Oh!

MRS. LANHAM. Of course—every woman knows that——

ELIZABETH. (*Entering, comes down R., leaves door open—takes in picture*) Well—settled? Glad of it. Margaret Smythe just called me on the 'phone and I told her in confidence——

FLO. (*Turning to R.*) She's the worst gossip in town! Oh, I hate you—I hate you—I hate every one of you! (*Turns, rushes from room and up-stairs.*)

MRS. LANHAM. (*Calmly*) You see—unusually vehement——

NORA. (*Appears at door*) A man to see Miss Florence.

(*Involuntarily startled, all hold picture and look at one another.*)

MR. LANHAM. (*Turns to her*) What's his name?

NORA. Didn't give any, sir.

MRS. LANHAM. Is he a gentleman?

NORA. Oh, no, ma'am. (*A general sigh of relief.*)

MRS. LANHAM. (*Rises, before NORA can speak*) Oh, of course, it's the butler they've sent from the agency. Florence telephoned them. I'll have her see him. (*She and ELIZABETH exit upstairs.*)

BILLY. You really think, Mr. Lanham, that I—that Flo——

MR. LANHAM. The feminine psychology, my dear boy, is nothing to think about—it's to pray over.

BILLY. Yes, sir. Good afternoon. (*Crosses up L. end of sofa and exits.*)

NORA. It's not the butler, sir.

MR. LANHAM. (*Seated C.*) Not the butler?

NORA. (*R.C.*) No, sir, I asked him. It's a man from France—says he has a message for Miss Florence *from the dead, sir.*

MR. LANHAM. (*Rises*) What's that?

NORA. Well, that's what he said, sir.

MR. LANHAM. Show him in here. (*NORA exits.*)

(MCGINNIS *pauses at door. He is about thirty—big, broad, with the straightforward way of looking at one that compels attention. About him is the quiet confidence of the trained bayonet fighter and he carries the air of the man who has led men when they had to be led and driven them when they had to be driven, and always gotten results. His very straightforwardness makes one overlook the shrewdness and the humor that lurks in his background. He is dressed in a way to make a sensitive woman scream, a poor-fitting, ready-made suit of rather loud design, a loud tie, a very low turn-down collar. Very yellow shoes of the kind that are sold as "nobby," and are—a colored handkerchief shows in the outside upper left hand pocket of the coat. A swell dresser at the Gas House Ball. The barber has fixed his hair as only a barber unhindered can do. Nevertheless, the personality of the man is strong enough even with the handicap of his clothes to command respect.*)

MR. LANHAM. Come in! (*NORA closes door.*)

MCGINNIS. Yes, sir. (*LANHAM motions NORA off.*) Nora!

NORA. Yes, sir! (*Exits.*)

MR. LANHAM. (L.C.) I am Mr. Lanham.

McGINNIS. My instructions were to give my message privately to Miss Florence Lanham.

MR. LANHAM. Your instructions from whom?

McGINNIS. From the Capt'n, sir.

MR. LANHAM. Captain who?

McGINNIS. My instructions, sir, were to say "From the Captain."

MR. LANHAM. (*Crosses to lower end of sofa*) The Captain is the officer about whose death she has heard?

McGINNIS. Yes.

MR. LANHAM. Before you deliver this message I have to say something.

McGINNIS. Yes, sir.

MR. LANHAM. My daughter is—er—romantic—

McGINNIS. Yes, sir, they all are.

MR. LANHAM. But she is the kind of girl who recites Kipling in front of the fire——

McGINNIS. I've heard her.

MR. LANHAM. Do you know Omar Khayyam?

McGINNIS. Sure.

MR. LANHAM. She discovered him.

McGINNIS. (*Crosses left—smiles*) Yes, sir. I heard the Capt'n tell her if she'll bring him a jug of wine she could cut out the "thou"——

MR. LANHAM. I should like to have known your Captain. (*Pause.*) My daughter has a single-track mind and——

McGINNIS. I see. No management! Rear-end collisions—— (*Nods eagerly.*)

MR. LANHAM. (*Nods*) So under the circumstances, since he is dead I don't wish any collision, understand?

McGINNIS. Yes, sir. (*With obvious sincerity.*) The last thing that my Captain would want would be for Miss Florence to suffer one minute on his account.

MR. LANHAM. I'll send Miss Florence. (*Crosses to center. Starts to exit, pauses, crosses around R. end of sofa and up R.*) You seem to be the kind of man to be depended upon. Later—if you need a job, I think I could find something for you.

MCGINNIS. (*With a meaning Mr. LANHAM does not catch*) I'll probably see you later——

(*Left alone, MCGINNIS looks about the room, crosses to L., dusts shoes with handkerchief. Business with handkerchief, as he crosses up to C. door and looks off, then crosses to mirror up R., then looks off door R. Returns to C. door, sees FLO coming down the stairs and takes strategic position behind screen up L., just as FLO enters. She comes in C., looks around, sees no one—but he is in view of the audience all the while. As she appears, his face is transformed with longing and love for her. He slips into her view. When she hears him, she turns, gives a wild gasp of amazement, joy, love—starts toward him, coming forward R.C.*)

FLO. (*She is going toward him eagerly*) Sam!

MCGINNIS. (*His arms outstretched—from the bottom of his soul*) Flo——

FLO. Why—I——

MCGINNIS. (*Front of sofa*) Sure it's me!

(*FLO stops as though struck with a club. For the first time she takes in his appearance. The light goes out of her face. Absorbed in his love and his joy at seeing her, MCGINNIS does not notice. He steps over and enfolds her in his arms. She submits without returning his embrace. Her face is up to his—her eyes close defensively. The audience must see her hands held at her sides clinched as she submits to his em-*

brace and kisses. Her action is beyond her control entirely—involuntary. At first he does not realize it in the slightest.)

MCGINNIS. (*Holding her tight, kissing her*) You do fit there, don't you—just like you used to—Mrs. McGinnis.

FLO. (*Her hands at her side, clinched—faintly*) Mrs. McGinnis?

MCGINNIS. That's your name, isn't it, darlin'? Mrs. Sam McGinnis—

FLO. (*Faintly uncertain*) Y-e-s, I suppose so—

MCGINNIS. Suppose so? (*Laughs.*) Well, there's no doubt in my mind. Why, the last thing I thought when I jumped into that machine-gun nest and went down was *you*—and you know the first thing I said when I came to in the field hospital—I was lying on my back, looking up at the clear sky, and I said, "Why, why, it's just the color of her eyes." And then I passed out again and didn't come to for weeks. (*Pause.*) Aren't you glad to see me?

FLO. (*Constrained*) Y-e-s, of course.

MCGINNIS. (*Lets go her hands, grabs her face and covers it with kisses—she merely submits*) It's great to be alive and back with your girl again! (*Crosses to L.*)

FLO. You were reported—I thought you were dead.

MCGINNIS. Well, you see, in the mix-up, one of the Fritzie's made a poke with his bayonet and just ripped off my dog-tag—it was weeks before I could tell 'em who I was.

FLO. Oh!

MCGINNIS. (*Laughs*) I told 'em a lot about you, though. (*Pulling her over in front of couch*) Why, for three solid weeks, delirious, I was talking about you. Why, they never did call me in that hospital

anything but Florence's husband—you're famous all over France.

FLO. (*Sits end of sofa R.—the strain in her voice*) You should have let me know—you should not have surprised me—you shouldn't have come—(*With a look that takes in his appearance*)—this way——

MCGINNIS. (*Her viewpoint striking him for the first time—sits—takes her hand*) I'm sorry—honest—I never thought of it—that way. You see, I tried to establish communication with Miss Florence Lanham of the Red Cross because I didn't want them to send you back for marrying over there—and I found out you'd already come back—and then I didn't cable because I thought how much fun it would be to surprise you, and I waited to get well and strong because I didn't want my wife's first job to be nursing a half man——

FLO. You are all right again?

MCGINNIS. (*Pats her hand*) Sure! Didn't I tell you like I had my strength? (*Pause.*)

FLO. Nobody here knows I'm married.

MCGINNIS. Then you kept our agreement. (*He takes sofa pillow and sits on it—she nods—a long pause. He gets out cigar, bites off end, spits it out, and lights it. Long pause.*) Remember that night, sweetheart, when we marched back from the front to the little village *en repos*—I was dirty and tired and ragged and unshaved—didn't look much as I look now, did I?

FLO. (*With the bitterness she can't keep out of her tone*) No, you didn't. (*Pause.*) You were glorious then in your Captain's uniform, with your Croix de Guerre and double citation and everybody crazy about you and the things you had done—you were glorious—then—— (*He pays no attention.*)

MCGINNIS. You were standing in the door of that little hotel. I turned the corner, dead to the world, and then I saw you and you looked at me——

just looked at me—and I was walking on air. Flo, do you remember?

FLO. Yes,—I remember—— (*She is looking straight forward and it begins to come back to her.*)

MCGINNIS. And we went out in the moonlight and I started to tell you how ashamed I was for boxing your ears, and you made me show you those foolish medals, and then I can't tell how or what happened, but the first thing I knew I was holding you tight and telling you—telling you things I didn't know it was in me to say, and you was just looking, with your eyes like great big stars—do you remember?

FLO. Yes—— (*With intensity*) Yes, I remember that night——

MCGINNIS. And when we came back and I told the dominie what we wanted him to do, didn't he rave? It was against orders—it would cost him his job and break me and send you back to the States—My, but the old fellow was hard nosed. Then what you said to him. I'll never forget it! (*Almost solemnly*) "He's my man, and so you'd better marry us, hadn't you?" You remember? (*Holding her R. hand with his right.*)

FLO. (*Drawing a long breath*) Yes——

MCGINNIS. And our week in that little village—our honeymoon, one week of perfect joy, with the old guns booming up there ahead and men dying and us living as we'll never live again—— Do you remember, Flo? (*She nods slowly.*) And the last morning—when I left for the Argonne—you were standing in the same doorway where I saw you the evening I came in, and I marched past at the head of the old F Company, and you stood there looking at me with your eyes big and your face dead white, but trying your darndest to smile—God bless you! (*Patting her hand.*) And I turned the corner afraid to look back——

FLO. (*From the bottom of her heart*) Oh, if we could only have *that time* again.

McGINNIS. That time? What's the matter with this? (*Slaps her on the back and leans back on sofa. She looks at him—droops—pause.*) All right to smoke in here? (*She nods. He blows out smoke, crosses his legs, leans back comfortably in one corner of the divan. She sits in the other corner—every sensitive feeling in her outraged by his commonness, the way he smokes—the way he leans back and crosses his legs and his general attitude. He pokes his finger in his right ear. She looks at him, rises quickly, almost involuntarily—he does not rise. Crosses to R. of sofa.*) What's wrong?

FLO. (*Rises—upstage*) Nothing—nothing that you'd understand.

McGINNIS. (*Good humoredly*) All right—(*She moves up. Slightly turns, looking at him—he cannot see her. On her face is all the hopelessness, the tragedy of her dead romance, the realization that from her civilian point of view she is married to a crude, provincial, good-hearted rough-neck miles beneath her socially.*) Isn't it great to think we can pick up our lives and carry on just where we left off?

FLO. Can anybody do that? (*Down stage R. end of sofa.*)

McGINNIS. Why not? We've only had one week and we've got forty years ahead of us—

FLO. (*Down stage, she looks at him, shudders*) Forty years!

McGINNIS. Oh! By the way— Here's something you might like— (*Reaches hand in his pocket—pulls out the Distinguished Service Cross—tosses it to her.*)

FLO. (*Catching it*) What is it?

McGINNIS. Distinguished Service Cross—gave it to me for the Argonne show.

FLO. (*With fierce eagerness trying to reconstruct her hero*) Tell me all about it—how you got it—everything—— (*Almost pathetically*) Make it heroic! (*Leans over R. end of sofa.*)

MCGINNIS. Just like a woman. (*Shakes his head.*)

FLO. What did you get it for?

MCGINNIS. Self defense.

FLO. What? (*Sharply*) Don't be absurd! (*Almost pathetically*) Tell me everything—— Oh, if you could only understand how much I want to make you my hero again—— (*Stops—with look of involuntary distaste.*)

MCGINNIS. Well, I told you—self defense. You see, some of those Fritzie's were going to kill me and I killed them first—that's all.

FLO. Oh, I see—— Here's your Cross. (*Hands it back.*) I'm awfully proud, of course, that you got it. (*She goes up stage, crosses left to R. of table, then crosses L. of table to R. of little table, facing R.*)

MCGINNIS. (*A pause—he looks about the room with admiration*) You know, it's funny to think of you being rich. You never told me anything about your people, and over there I thought you were just a poor nobody like myself. If I had realized all this—— (*Indicates room*) —I don't think I'd have had the nerve. (*When he begins to realize her snobbishness, MCGINNIS begins to "pile it on" and broaden his effects to be a little coarser than he really is. At the same time, by his acting, over-elaboration and side looks at her when she is not looking at him, he must show that he is doing this for effect and really having a little fun with her, at the time not realizing fully how deep her feeling is.*)

FLO. (*With unconscious snobbishness, turning to MCGINNIS*) The Lanhams have always been what

you call "rich"—the best people. (*Proudly*) My father is the best lawyer in this State——

MCGINNIS. (*Smiling at her pride*) Well—my father is the best shoemaker in Racine——

FLO. (*With distaste*) A shoe manufacturer?

MCGINNIS. (*Rubbing it in*) Yes—makes 'em all himself by hand and nobody turns out better ones. Look! (*Holds up feet.*)

FLO. (*In absolute despair*) A cobbler?

MCGINNIS. We'll visit him when we leave here.

FLO. Oh! (*She looks about wildly.*)

MCGINNIS. (*Determined to give her a thorough lesson*) He'll be proud of you. He has a cottage, six rooms, right next to his shop—we can rent from him. (*FLO, completely overwrought, sinks on chair L. of sofa and bursts into a choking sob. He crosses to her. Instantly, when she breaks, his attitude changes. He cannot altogether understand why she is so serious, but he is remorsefully tender. Puts his arm about her.*) Sweetheart!

FLO. (*Shrinks from him*) Don't——

MCGINNIS. (*R. of her*) I didn't mean to hurt you—why, I wouldn't hurt you for the world——

FLO. I know you wouldn't—knowingly.

MCGINNIS. I was just—— (*Starts to say "teasing"—she cuts in.*)

FLO. (*Cutting in*) Oh, Sam, those clothes—the tie—those shoes!

MCGINNIS. (*In amazement*) You ain't crying over the shoes—these clothes—— (*Spreading himself like a peacock.*) Pretty nifty, I thought——

FLO. (*Sniffly*) "Nifty"—yes, I suppose so,—pretty "nifty"—and we are going to visit your father, the best cobbler in Racine—and he'll think they're pretty "nifty" too—Florence Lanham's father-in-law, the best cobbler in Racine—— (*Laughs hysterically high.*)

MCGINNIS. (*Crosses to her—a flash of anger*

shows on his face—then he restrains himself—looks at her with a smile of love and a little pity) But remember, you are married to me——

FLO. You're his son——

MCGINNIS. (*With sincere pride and straightforwardness*) Yes, and I happen to be proud of my father. (*Leaning toward her.*)

FLO. I'm sorry—— (*Pause.*) Sam, will you do something for me—just because I want you to? (*Rises.*)

MCGINNIS. Of course——

FLO. Will you—will you go back in the Army again? (*He looks mutinous.*)

MCGINNIS. (*Pause—shakes his head*) I can't do it, Flo——

FLO. (*Pleading*) But you were a brilliant officer with a great record—the Croix de Guerre, two citations—the Distinguished Service Cross— Why, you'd go up fast—you'd be some one I could be proud of—you'd be as good as anybody——

MCGINNIS. (*Trying to change her mood*) I never saw an Irishman that wasn't better than anybody——

FLO. (*Pleading*) Won't you—for my sake? It's our chance of happiness, Sam——

MCGINNIS. (*Sincerely*) I can't be a quitter even for you, Flo!

FLO. Quitter!

MCGINNIS. Yes—the army in peace time—that's for the fellow who hasn't the nerve to fight with his brains and is looking for a life pension and a soft place to fall—but me—I'm going to do something in this world. I'm going to be somebody. I'm going to take you away from all this foolishness—I'm going to take you to——

FLO. Racine?

MCGINNIS. If you're my wife you'll go with me anywhere!

FLO. (*Turning away—facing audience*) I'd rather go anywhere than to Racine. (*They confront each other.*)

MCGINNIS. (*Speaks quietly*) Did anybody ever tell you you were a snob?

FLO. (*Looks at him—quickly justifying herself*) I'm not a snob. I can't explain it—but it's something any woman can understand. It's not Racine—it's not only the clothes—although when I first came in and saw the clothes before I saw your face I thought you were one of the applicants who had come for the butler's place—but it's you, Sam, it's the way you look and act—(*He crosses and stops before sofa*)—something that makes me want to get away when you touch me, Sam.

MCGINNIS. And you're my wife!

FLO. (*Ashamed of herself but determined*) I hate myself for it, Sam, but I can't help it. It's been growing since the moment I saw you. Over there we were all trying to do one thing, and the bigness of what we were trying to do blotted out all differences and made us one, but over here it's not that way—we belong to different classes, Sam—(*Realizing her tragedy*)—and I reckon they don't mate—

MCGINNIS. (*Looking out front—pause—humorously*) And when I got myself shot to pieces and gassed I thought I was helping to make the world safe for democracy.

FLO. (*Horried at an attack on a fetish*) Sam!

MCGINNIS. (*Throwing cigar in fire—crosses to her, she turns L.*) Yes, Mrs. McGinnis, you're a darned sight worse snob than I took you for. Of course, I'm common and vulgar and got no manners—I know it—you've been doing nothing all your life but learning manners. My manners I got from the streets and my education from night school, but I've made a civil engineer of myself and I'm going up. Manners and sensations—that's what you and your

kind live on—that's what you went to France for—just to get a new sensation—and you met me. All right, you're my wife, and now I'm going to give you another sensation—— (FLO turns to him.) You and I are——

FLO. I can't go through with it, Sam—I just can't——

MCGINNIS. You know I worship you, Flo—and you are making me wish *I hadn't come back from France.* (Sincerely.)

FLO. Don't! (Pause—turning to him.) Don't you realize it's hard for me, too, Sam? Do you think it's easy for a girl to have all her dreams—shattered? You want me to be honest, don't you? You wouldn't want me to go through with it looking down on you and learning to hate you? (Pause—while he tries to get her point of view.)

MCGINNIS. Looking down on me? You mean because my father is a cobbler.

FLO. (Sits—pause) Don't!

MCGINNIS. Abe Lincoln was a rail-splitter, but I wouldn't be surprised if some of the haughty beauties who turned him down afterwards regretted it. (With lame attempt at humor to hide his heart-break) Of course, if Dad were a bad cobbler, I could understand it, but——

FLO. Sam.

MCGINNIS. (Turning again to her) I'm a civil engineer myself—yes, Dad made the money with his own hands, making shoes, to give me the chance not to be a cobbler—that's why I'm proud of him. (Facing front.)

FLO. Please! (Pause.) I didn't say it was that.

MCGINNIS. (Turning front) You're no "Fly-up-the-creek," so I won't insult you by asking you if you love another man.

FLO. It—it—isn't that.

MCGINNIS. (*Pause—turning again to her*) You mean you just don't love me any more?

FLO. Sam—it's——

MCGINNIS. That my clothes and my manners have killed it——

FLO. Forgive me——

MCGINNIS. Nothing to forgive—feelings are feelings and have rules of their own—only—clothes and manners—— (*Pause—shakes his head.*) I thought a woman loved a man because he loved her, because he was a regular fellow and would take care of her and be kind and decent and thoughtful. I guess that only shows how little I knew of women—but clothes and manners—that seems a little thing to quit loving a man for—— (*Crosses to her.*) You know, I believe I'd keep on loving you if you chewed tobacco——

FLO. (*Rises, horrified*) Chewed tobacco——

MCGINNIS. Yes, I'd just begin chewing, too, so I wouldn't notice it. (*Crosses R., back of table down to front of sofa. She stands at L. end of it—he is R. of her.*)

FLO. (*Going to him*) That's it—I'm afraid I'll begin chewing tobacco, too.

MCGINNIS. (*Pause—his face suddenly lights—goes right after her*) Yes, Mrs. McGinnis, you are a snob—in fact, you're about the funniest, dearest little snob in the world, but I'm blessed if I'll admit you don't love me—I'm blessed if I'll admit you're that little, and I'm blessed if I'll let you admit it, either—I've an idea.

FLO. What are you going to do?

MCGINNIS. Do? You're a snob—I'll be a snob, too!

FLO. *What!*

MCGINNIS. No—I won't give you up—I'm going to have manners, and while I'm learning I'll educate you, too—I'm going to give you a little lesson in democracy——

FLO. You mean you are going to learn manners from me?

McGINNIS. Good Lord, *no!* I'll learn 'em from the only people who have 'em—the *servants*.

FLO. The servants? I don't understand——

McGINNIS. Perfectly simple—I'm going to take that job in this house as butler that seems to be vacant——

FLO. Preposterous! You shan't do a thing like that!

McGINNIS. Who is going to stop me? Your father promised me a job—— (*She is too horror-stricken to speak.*) Yes, I'll learn manners, and even if you don't learn democracy, a butler husband ought to be a pretty good cure for snobbishness—— (*Goes R.*)

FLO. (*Following him*) Sam, you're mad! You can't do a thing like that! You can't and you're not going to—they won't employ you—I won't permit it——

McGINNIS. (*Turning on her*) If you don't want the full story of this marriage to come out—if you don't want your divorce fought to a finish in the open—and you know I'll fight to a finish—you'll permit it. Where do you think your proud Lanham name would be—do you think there would be much sympathy for a wife who deserted her husband after he was wounded and had won two decorations?

FLO. (*Sits on sofa*) That's cowardly.

McGINNIS. (*Leaning over her R. of sofa*) Of course it's cowardly, but I'm fighting for my happiness—I'm fighting for your happiness—I'm fighting to open your eyes—to change you from a poor little snob into the real woman you have it in you to become, and I'll do anything to win, because the stake is too big to lose—— (*The full force of his determination overcomes her. She realizes he is going*

through with it and the horror of a public exposure seizes her.)

FLO. *(Turns to him)* You'd make it public?

MCGINNIS. *(Realizing he has won)* On the front page of every newspaper. *(Out front.)*

FLO. *(Rises and crosses to him—in pain)* Sam, I'll stick—no matter what I think, I'll stick—let's go away together—I'll go with you anywhere—I'll go to Racine——

MCGINNIS. No—— *(Shakes his head.)*

FLO. Please take me to Racine—I promise—honestly I won't——

MCGINNIS. Look down on my father? Oh, that's not what I'm afraid of. *(Confidently)* I'm afraid he'll look down on you.

FLO. What!

MCGINNIS. *(Apologetically)* He's very old fashioned, you know—he wears horn spectacles and chews tobacco—— *(FLO crosses left.)* I can just see him sitting on his bench, working over a shoe—chewing tobacco and looking over his specs at you—*(Crosses back of table and sits on left end of sofa—takes book-end from table—acts out picture.)* “Yes, Sam, she's a good-looker, all right, and she sure is high-falutin'. Can she cook?” “No, dad.” “Make beds?” “No, dad.” “Make clothes?” “No, Dad.” “Keep house?” “No, Dad.” “Take care of the baby?” “No, Dad.” “What are you going to do with her, Sam? Put her in the movies?” *(Rises—crosses to her.)* Then how would I feel? No, I won't take any wife to my father's house that I'd be ashamed of. I'm a snob and I couldn't stand for my wife being looked down on by the best cobbler in Racine. *(Crosses down c.)*

FLO. You'd be ashamed of me?

MCGINNIS. *(Crosses back to her L., R. of her)* Now, don't hit the ceiling, and above all, don't get discouraged. After I've educated you, you'll be all



"CIVILIAN CLOTHES"

right. Why, I'll make you so I can take you into the poorest house in this land and not be ashamed of you—— *(She collapses—beaten.)*

FLO. *(Sits chair L.C.)* Oh!

(Feeling he has beaten her, MCGINNIS's attitude changes. He becomes tender, sympathetic, his love showing forth.)

MCGINNIS. *(To R. of her chair—tenderly)* I wouldn't be so hard, darling—but I have to. You don't know how much I love you.

FLO. It's a queer way of showing it——

MCGINNIS. If I don't make good, I won't hold you, I promise.

FLO. *(Straightening—anxiously)* You mean if you can't learn—if you stay as you are——

MCGINNIS. You'll be free—no one knows of our marriage—no one need know—I'll go away quietly—after a time I'll get a divorce or you can get a divorce in some other state. It can all be hushed up and none of your friends need ever know of your disgrace.

FLO. Your word of honor?

MCGINNIS. Yes—if you play the game fairly—give me a chance. It's a go? *(Holds out his hand. She nods as LANHAM enters C. from R. MCGINNIS turns to LANHAM. Moving toward LANHAM.)* You said something about a job, sir?

LANHAM. Yes.

MCGINNIS. I was speaking to Miss Lanham—I'd like to try that job as butler——

LANHAM. Butler? You? *(Laughs. MRS. LANHAM and ELIZAETH enter, come down L. MRS. LANHAM left of sofa, ELIZABETH back of table.)* Mother, what do you think of this man for butler?

ELIZABETH. Butler? *(Laughs.)*

MRS. LANHAM. That man? Archibald, don't be ridiculous——

MCGINNIS. Why don't you give me a chance, ma'am? I'll make good. I'm strong enough for the job.

MRS. LANHAM. Being a butler is hardly a question of strength. What's your experience?

MCGINNIS. I was mess sergeant of my company once. They busted me for busting a fresh cook, but I was sergeant once, and I've been K.P. lots of times.

MRS. LANHAM. I don't see, Archibald, what put such a ridiculous idea in your head.

LANHAM. Why won't he make a butler? His manners are almost bad enough to be a gentleman——don't you think so, Flo?

FLO. I think——

MCGINNIS. I been gassed, sir—I ain't fit for heavy work.

LANHAM. That decides it. I'm not going to turn down a soldier. (*Crosses to MRS. LANHAM.*) Besides, Zack Hart is coming down from New York in a week or so in connection with the biggest deal we've ever had—and you know how you'd feel entertaining him without a butler.

MRS. LANHAM. I know how I'd feel entertaining him with this kind of butler.

LANHAM. Nonsense, teach him. (*Going up to ELIZABETH.*) Flo, you'll teach him, won't you? (*Crosses to FLO.*)

FLO. All right, Father.

MRS. LANHAM. It's on your head, Archibald. (*Crosses to center. To MCGINNIS.*) What's your name?

MCGINNIS. (*Coming to her*) McGinnis, ma'am.

MRS. LANHAM. McGinnis! While you're here, your name will be "Dodson." I always call my butler "Dodson."

MCGINNIS. "Dodson" it is.

MRS. LANHAM. That will do, Dodson. You take him in hand, Florence. (McGINNIS *turns to FLO.*)

FLO. Dodson, go to the dining-room. Nora, the maid there, will tell you what to do.

McGINNIS. Yes, miss. (*Turns, stalks out—a soldier at attention. Warn Curtain.*)

MRS. LANHAM. (*Critically*) He has a figure.

ELIZABETH. I bet he'd be wonderful in silk stockings.

MRS. LANHAM. I was just thinking of that. (*To FLO*) Flo, what do you think of him? (*Cross down center.*)

McGINNIS. (*Reappears at door. To MR. LANHAM*) Grub's ready. Come and get it.

(*LANHAM laughs. MRS. LANHAM and ELIZABETH sink back in horror, FLO laughs hysterically as*)

CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT II

SCENE: *The Lanham dining-room—an old-fashioned room with a conservatory opening at the back. The room is seen at an angle, the upper right hand corner being the deepest point. From there the rear wall, into which the conservatory opens, runs at an angle. The conservatory is entered by glass doors. In the extreme right hand corner of the rear wall is the service door. The right wall, center, has a large, handsome fireplace service table of mahogany. The left wall is taken up with double doors entering from the drawing-room and a large, old-fashioned mahogany sideboard.*

In the center, parallel with the rear wall, an oval mahogany table of old design. The table is laid for a dinner of ten. The furniture of the room is mahogany and on the walls are portraits of the Lanham ancestors. The whole effect of the room is heavy, old-fashioned, rich.

TIME: *Just before dinner, a month later than events in Act I.*

DISCOVERED: *At the rise, FLORENCE and MRS. LANHAM are inspecting the table. Both are dressed for dinner. MCGINNIS enters R., takes tray with wine bottles from serving table R. and crosses L. and places same on sideboard. MCGINNIS wears dress coat of black, with brass buttons, satin knickerbockers and silk stockings.*

MRS. LANHAM. (R.C.) Yes, Dodson—I think the table looks quite well.

MCGINNIS. (*In carriage, speech, manner, he has become the model butler*) Thank you, Madam.

MRS. LANHAM. I left my lorgnette.

MCGINNIS. Here, madam. (*Gets it from side-board.*)

MRS. LANHAM. Now bring me the cards and I'll place them—I left them—— (*Stops.*)

MCGINNIS. On the desk in the library, Madam.

MRS. LANHAM. Yes, of course—that's it. (MCGINNIS bows and exits L. MRS. LANHAM, with joy) I don't know how I ever got along without that man! In one month Dodson has become the best butler I've ever had—— (*Crosses to R.*)

FLO. (L.) But suppose I don't like him?

MRS. LANHAM. Then, my dear, you had better marry and have your own establishment.

LANHAM. (*Enters R. Goes back of table, crosses down R.*) How's your table, Mother?

MRS. LANHAM. Everything will be all right if your daughter will let me alone—— (*Down below table.*)

LANHAM. Florence, how many times have I told you not to bully your poor, weak mother?

FLO. It was just a simple thing——

MRS. LANHAM. Simple! She'd like me to discharge Dodson—— (*Right of table.*)

LANHAM. Discharge Dodson? (*Whistles—shakes head.*) Oh, Florence!

FLO. But I just can't stand the man.

MRS. LANHAM. (*Sternly*) Florence! Don't let me ever hear you speak that way again. Remember there is but one man a well-bred woman just can't stand—— (*Crosses right.*)

LANHAM. (*To FLORENCE*) Yes, dear—*her husband*. (*Crosses below table to L., then up above table.*)

FLO. Oh, or—a——

(McGINNIS *re-enters.*)

McGINNIS. The cards, Madam—— (*Hands her cards—she moves over to table to place them.*)

LANHAM. Remember, Mother, this dinner must be a success. Zack Hart has come down to talk over some very important business—it means a lot to all of us.

MRS. LANHAM. I don't think that I've ever failed you socially, Archibald.

LANHAM. No, my dear, you never have—socially.

FLO. How are you going to place them, Mother? (*Rises, crosses to table.*)

MRS. LANHAM. Oh, Billy will be next you—— (*Places cards, seats herself at lower end of table d.s.*) My place—Mr. Hart on my right——

LANHAM. Then Florence——

MRS. LANHAM. Nonsense—I'll put Billy on my left—then Florence.

LANHAM. But who is next to Hart?

MRS. LANHAM. Archibald, if you wish to arrange the table——

LANHAM. Not at all——

MRS. LANHAM. Dodson, place this card—Mrs. Smythe—next to Mr. Hart——

LANHAM. But—— (*Crosses to MRS. LANHAM down c.*)

MRS. LANHAM. New York men like widows—they know more—or, at least, can afford to admit it.

LANHAM. Hart wants to talk business.

FLO. Well, he can't talk business too fast for Margie. She eloped with her first husband when she hadn't known him a week.

LANHAM. Oh, very well—fix it to suit yourselves. (*Stalks out c.*)

MRS. LANHAM. I'll place Elizabeth on your father's left and Bess on his right. She's utterly insipid. That will leave his mind for his business. Dodson, put Mr. Rutherford between Miss Florence and Miss Henderson—and General McInerny opposite—ah, that's settled. Now I'll have the fire started properly and look at the candles in the living-room. (*Starts out L.*)

FLO. (*Rises, crosses c.*) I'll see if the cocktails are just as Daddy likes them.

MCGINNIS. I've already fixed the cocktails, Miss.

MRS. LANHAM. (*At door L.*) And Dodson—

MCGINNIS. Yes, Madam—the glasses to be kept full—particularly Mr. Hart's—

MRS. LANHAM. Exactly—and those special hickory logs for the fire—

MCGINNIS. Selected them myself, Madam. Anything else, Madam?

MRS. LANHAM. N—o—— If there is, I'm sure you'll think of it. (*Exits.*)

MCGINNIS. Will you try a cocktail, Miss?

FLO. No.

MCGINNIS. Yes, Miss. (*Goes to serving table and brings down a cocktail on tray.*) Cocktail, Miss? (*McGinnis drinks cocktail.*) Thank you, Miss. (*She turns away from him—he puts down the glass on tray and returns same to serving table.*)

FLO. (*Turns back with determination*) Sam, I want to talk to you—

MCGINNIS. Yes, Miss, one, moment, please— (*Stoops, arranges the logs of the fire, rises, facing her.*) Yes, Miss— (*His attitude is perfectly respectful, perfectly unemotional, when she is looking at him, but behind it lies the humor of the strong man playing with a child. Only when she isn't looking he must show his heart-break—the love, the longing and the passion of a man making a desperate*

fight for his happiness. He must "put it over" by gesture, by attitude, by facial expression, and do this only when she is not looking.)

FLO. (L.) Sam, I can't stand this one minute longer——

MCGINNIS. Yes, Miss——

FLO. Don't say "Miss" to me again!

MCGINNIS. Yes, M—— (*Catches himself guiltily.*)

FLO. (*A pause*) Will you do something for me?

MCGINNIS. Buttlng under your mother is doing a good deal for you.

FLO. I mean something else.

MCGINNIS. Chauffeur or chef?

FLO. Sam, I want you to give up this place.

MCGINNIS. (*With affected horror*) Stop buttlng—— Oh, Flo!

FLO. (*In horror*) I'm not laughing.

MCGINNIS. No, you are positively heartless. Stop buttlng when I'm learning manners so fast—when the meals are so regular and you meet so many nice people—that's the way. No matter what a man's dreams may be—he can always depend on his wife to wreck them.

FLO. You don't mean that permanently you—would——

MCGINNIS. Why not? It is an ancient and an honorable profession.

FLO. I do believe you have the soul of a servant——

MCGINNIS. I've the job of a butler, Miss. I am a married man—I have to look into the future. (*She crosses angrily to left.*) So far it has been quite amusing—and—er—lucrative. In case, Miss, you should need a new hat or even a fur coat, it is not above our means. Mr. Rutherford, General McInerny, and particularly Mr. Arkwright have all been most generous——

FLO. You mean you've taken tips? (*Crosses back of him.*)

MCGINNIS. Taken them? I've held them up—(*Beams on her.*)

FLO. That decides it! I'm going to divorce you!

MCGINNIS. Yes, Miss.

FLO. (*Hysterical*) I tell him I'll divorce him and he says, "Yes, Miss——" (*Near the end of her rope.*)

MCGINNIS. (*With perfect respect*) I hope you'll do nothing hasty, Miss. Mrs. Lanham is very conservative—a scandal might cost me my place. (*He laughs. FLO laughs—almost hysterical.*)

FLO. Ha—— (*Crosses to L. of table.*)

MCGINNIS. You were to test the cocktails, Miss. Better let me get you one. If I may suggest, they are always helpful.

FLO. Very well—anything, anything. (*MCGINNIS crosses up side table, FLO below table, stands watching him. He brings her a cocktail. She drinks it hastily. Pauses—laughs.*) You can mix a cocktail——

MCGINNIS. Very sweet of you to say so. (*Takes glass, puts it down on sideboard.*)

FLO. I could have stood everything—everything but this—— Don't you see the position you've gotten me into? Oh, if I'd only had the courage to face the notoriety—the unpleasantness—the——

MCGINNIS. Yes, Miss—I was afraid you would then—when you didn't it was most encouraging.

FLO. (*Almost in tears*) I thought you'd be an utter failure—a joke—and they would get rid of you immediately.

MCGINNIS. Only you forgot my army training.

FLO. How could the army train you to be a butler?

MCGINNIS. Whenever he saw the General, my Colonel was a perfect butler——

FLO. And now, to make it worse, you've taken tips—from my friends—and you're my husband—

MCGINNIS. (*Hastily, to justify himself*) But I assure you I'm not holding out—you're in on it.

FLO. What! Oh!

MCGINNIS. (*Produces book*) Here's the record—it's all for you. A new friend of mine who is in the barber business explained it to me, "All tips go to the old woman."

FLO. Give them to me—every cent at once.

MCGINNIS. (*Suspiciously*) I might have known it—what are you going to do with them?

FLO. I shall return every penny.

MCGINNIS. And explain they were collected by your husband?

FLO. Oh! I——

MCGINNIS. Of course, you can't. Guess I'd better keep this. You might do something foolish—and then we wouldn't have any money to go away on our second honeymoon.

FLO. (*Aghast*) Honeymoon?

MCGINNIS. Yes, quite an idea, don't you think—to have your wife's admirers pay for your honeymoon? I should be able to pick up quite a bit to-night.

FLO. Don't you dare to take another cent from those gentlemen——

MCGINNIS. Oh, I say—have a heart, Miss. If they are making love to my wife, I ought to get something out of it.

FLO. (*Angrily*) He's not making love to me.

MCGINNIS. Then he's certainly wasting his money.

FLO. (*Weakening*) What—what makes you think he's making love to me?

MCGINNIS. I ought to say, because no man could help it, but the truth is, Tuesday, when I came into the room for the third time in ten minutes, Mr. Ark-

wright slipped a twenty-dollar gold piece—and that's how I know, Mrs. McGinnis——

FLO. (*Turning around to him*) Oh!

McGINNIS. That's what I said, "Oh, thank you, sir," bowing. "I'll get something pretty for my wife"—sort of, you know, give him a look for his money.

FLO. That's outrageous.

McGINNIS. Now, Mrs. McGinnis——

FLO. (*Stamping her foot*) Don't call me "Mrs. McGinnis——"

McGINNIS. Yes, Miss, certainly, Miss—only don't get yourself all ruffled up—it's not becoming—no credit to me for standing back and giving all these fellows a show. (*She smiles.*) If you don't look good enough for any husband—to give away. (*He crosses to right.*)

FLO. (*Forcing her sense of humor to her rescue*) I'd like to box your ears——

McGINNIS. (*Goes to her*) I dare you—you haven't the nerve. (*FLO, on sudden impulse, slaps him soundly.*) Good, that's the most democratic thing you've done yet. It's the first step.

FLO. To divorce——

McGINNIS. No, to love and happiness, and here's your reward—— (*Suddenly seizes her—holds her close to him.*) I'm just showing you I could. I'm not kissing you, you see—— (*He goes R.—she L. Releases her and laughs.*)

FLO. (*Who had already closed her eyes and set her mouth, ecstatically expecting to be kissed against her will—with rage and disappointment*) I hate you—I——!

McGINNIS. Tut—tut—tut! (*R. below table, moves toward her*) Careful—the next time you'll forget you're a lady—and then what would Mr. Rutherford and the General and Mr. Arkwright say?

Taking those poor fellows' money and then making you fall in love with your own husband——

FLO. That settles it. Now I wouldn't go back to you if you were the last man on earth.

McGINNIS. The last man on earth—you wouldn't have a chance.

FLO. Indeed!

McGINNIS. Yes, indeed—there'd be millions of women—tall ones and short ones, fat ones and thin ones—ugly ones and pretty ones, blondes and brunettes, washwomen and ladies too—all killed in the rush, and there I'd be standing with me arms folded, observing the awful tragedy—— (*Stands with pose.*) Go to it, girls! May the best looker win! Oh, no, my dear, you wouldn't have a chance—— (*Crosses R. of table.*)

FLO. (*L. lower end of table. Suddenly breaks, sits, half sobs. Impulsively he starts toward her, all sorrow, love and sympathy. She does not see*) That shows what you really think of me. You'd rather have some other woman—— (*She sinks into chair.*)

McGINNIS. I didn't say that. (*Goes to her. He is behind, almost ready to take her in his arms.*)

FLO. You did! Now, if you're a gentleman, you'll give me cause for divorce. Any gentleman would.

McGINNIS. (*Catches himself shrewdly*) Of course, most gentlemen would, long ago, but you see I'm a butler and butlers are essentially moral.

FLO. (*Exasperated*) Oh!

McGINNIS. I don't see what you have to complain of. Your husband is liberal enough—lets you play with the handsome, perfumed Mr. Rutherford.

FLO. Perfume! Don't be ridiculous! No gentleman uses perfume. I wouldn't speak to a man who used perfume.

McGINNIS. And General McInerny, with his interesting war reminiscences——

FLO. Tiresome old stories! If I have to listen to another I'll scream!

McGINNIS. And Billy Arkwright, the caveman—

FLO. Mr. Arkwright is a gentleman—besides, he'd be ridiculous that way.

McGINNIS. Yes, I think he would——

FLO. You intend to force me to do something desperate——

McGINNIS. Desperate? You? (*Laughs.*) Why, you couldn't do anything desperate—you're too afraid of Mrs. Grundy. You were born conventionally—you'll die conventionally; if you are divorced, you'll be divorced conventionally. The only unconventional thing you ever did you're ashamed of—even though it brought you the greatest happiness in life.

FLO. Happiness?

McGINNIS. (*Bending over her*) Yes, happiness—one week of perfect joy. The one thing you can't forget—the one thing you want to remember.

FLO. You're right. I can't forget it. I wish I could because——

McGINNIS. Because you love me——

FLO. No—because I love another man—— (*She expects a jealous outburst. Instead McGINNIS claps his hands with enthusiasm.*)

McGINNIS. Good—splendid!

FLO. Then you'll help me to be free——

McGINNIS. Help you to be free? No—I love you more than ever.

FLO. Just because I love another man.

McGINNIS. No—because my plan is working. Don't you see you are losing your snobbishness? The veneer is peeling off—I'm making you over again into what you were—the girl I knew in France. Soon you'll have the courage to obey your impulse, to follow your heart.

FLO. (*In tone of inspiration*) I believe you're right—I feel it—I do believe you're right——

MCGINNIS. I know I'm right, and when you've gained the courage to follow your heart, then——

FLO. Yes,—then I'll elope with the other man.

MCGINNIS. (*Struck dumb*) Huh!

FLO. (*At door*) Thank you. You've shown me myself. I can never thank you enough. (*Exits L.*)

(NORA enters R.2E.)

NORA. Hey,—(*McGINNIS starts*)—Lord Alger-non!

MCGINNIS. What is it, Nora?

NORA. Too proud to answer the front door bell?

MCGINNIS. Bell?

NORA. Yes, bell—b, e, double l.

MCGINNIS. Have all the guests arrived?

NORA. Yes, I just let Mr. Rutherford in—he's the last one. (*She begins placing plates containing caviar on table.*)

MCGINNIS. Well, I'll serve the cocktails. (*Exit R.2 for cocktails.*)

NORA. I always knew when we got a butler I'd have twice as much work to do—me own and the butler's.

(McGINNIS enters, and exits L.IE. with cocktails.)

NORA. Upstart!

(RUTHERFORD enters from conservatory in overcoat and silk hat—looks around cautiously.)

RUTHERFORD. Dodson!

NORA. What is it, sir?

RUTHERFORD. I want to see Dodson, Nora——

NORA. (*Gets plates from tray on side table and*

places them on table) He is in the drawing room serving the cocktails. You'd better hurry and leave your coat and hat upstairs.

RUTHERFORD. Never mind the coat and hat, Nora. I'll leave them out in the conservatory with the *Daffydills*——

NORA. You can suit yourself, sir, but you'd better hurry. *(She exits R.)*

(RUTHERFORD starts up as though to exit through conservatory. MCGINNIS enters L.I.E. and starts across to R.2E.—RUTHERFORD comes down L. to MCGINNIS.)

RUTHERFORD. Dodson!

MCGINNIS. Yes, sir!

(RUTHERFORD crosses and closes the door L.)

RUTHERFORD. Just a second, Dodson—I want to see you privately, before I go into the drawing-room.

MCGINNIS. Yes, sir.

RUTHERFORD. Dodson, you've given me some very good tips——

MCGINNIS. Yes, sir, it's been mutual.

RUTHERFORD. The arrangement can continue. *(Pause.)* Well?

MCGINNIS. *(Pause)* Do you use perfume, sir?

RUTHERFORD. No—of course not.

MCGINNIS. That's a pity.

RUTHERFORD. Why?

MCGINNIS. Miss Lanham was talking about that very thing just a few minutes ago.

RUTHERFORD. *(Amazed)* She likes a man to use perfume?

MCGINNIS. Oh, yes, sir.

RUTHERFORD. Astonishing!

MCGINNIS. From what she said, sir—it would settle things for you definitely——

RUTHERFORD. I wonder where I——

MCGINNIS. There's some upstairs in the bath-room adjoining the room where your coat is, sir.

RUTHERFORD. Thanks—that is a tip worth having—— (*Gives bill to MCGINNIS.*)

MCGINNIS. So is this, sir. Thank you—I'll give this to my wife.

RUTHERFORD. (*Going to door*) Dodson, I'll come back after dinner smelling like a rose—— (*Exits up L.C.*)

(*The GENERAL enters L.*)

..

MCGINNIS. Something I can do for you, sir?

GENERAL. (*Pause*) Dodson, I don't like using you as—— (*Looks around.*)

MCGINNIS. All Generals use an Intelligence Department, sir——

GENERAL. Er—yes. (*Pause.*) Anything to report?

MCGINNIS. Yes, sir—I heard her speak of you tonight with a great deal of feeling——

GENERAL. Indeed!

MCGINNIS. Yes, sir—particularly your stories. If you could tell one at dinner, a long one—heroic!

GENERAL. Dodson, I'll do it——

MCGINNIS. I'm sure it will get results. (*GENERAL hands him a bill.*) Oh, thank you, sir, I'll give this to my wife.

(*GENERAL exits L.I.E. BILLY enters from conservatory L.C.*)

BILLY. Oh, Dodson!



"CIVILIAN CLOTHES"

McGINNIS. Yes, sir.

BILLY. Dodson, I want to see Miss Lanham to-night very particularly—privately.

McGINNIS. Yes, sir.

BILLY. Wherever I am, see I'm not disturbed.

McGINNIS. Yes, sir.

BILLY. (*Pause*) Dodson, you married man?

McGINNIS. Yes, sir.

BILLY. (*Pause*) Dodson, how do you make your wife do something when you want her to?

McGINNIS. I don't think I understand, sir.

BILLY. Course, your wife's different class—but, you know Kipling—great man Kipling—Judy O'Grady, Colonel's lady—all women all the same——

McGINNIS. Oh, I see, sir. Well, I treat my wife rough——

BILLY. Treat her rough?

McGINNIS. Yes, sir. (*Pause.*)

BILLY. Can't treat a lady rough.

McGINNIS. Did you ever try it, sir?

BILLY. N—o—— (*Pause.*) Colonel's lady, Judy O'Grady—Kipling—great man! He ought to know. You say, treat them rough?

McGINNIS. Yes, sir.

BILLY. (*With wise air—as he turns and crosses to door L.*) Watch me——

McGINNIS. I will, sir—carefully. That all?

(*BILLY crosses left to door.*)

BILLY. N-no—— (*Crosses back to L. of McGINNIS. Pulls out bill—hands it to McGINNIS.*) That's all.

McGINNIS. I'll give this to my wife.

BILLY. See I get a chance to—(*Starts L.*)—treat 'em rough! Treat 'em rough! (*Crosses left and exit. Walks out with great deal of dignity.*)

(NORA enters R.U.E.)

NORA. The dinner's ready and the cook says the things will spoil.

MCGINNIS. All right, Nora—I'll herd them in. (*NORA exits R.U.E. MCGINNIS is left, opposite FLO's place at table—picks up BILLY's card—says*) Billy Arkwright! (*Then picks up FLO's card in place of MRS. LANHAM, saying*) This way, Miss Lanham! (*Goes to table, picks up MRS. SMYTHE's card—then along to MISS ELIZABETH LANHAM; puts MRS. SMYTHE's card there; picks up ELIZABETH's card, places it next to BILLY's.*) Miss Elizabeth Lanham, that ought to help some. (*Exits L.I.E.*)

(MCGINNIS opens doors. Through the open door the furnishings of the drawing-room can be seen. As the door opens the chatter of voices in animated conversation—a slight pause, then the guests come through the doors into the dining-room. MCGINNIS follows, closes the door. As they come in, all are talking. Those entering are MRS. LANHAM, ZACK HART, MRS. MARGARET SMYTHE, GEN. MCINERNEY, BILLY ARKWRIGHT, FLO LANHAM, MRS. BESSIE HENDERSON, JACK RUTHERFORD, ELIZABETH LANHAM and Mr. LANHAM.

(ZACK HART is a man who started from nothing and at fifty is a big figure in finance. He is above medium height, rather heavy, with a bull-dog

face redeemed by keen, shrewd eyes that one minute look through one and the next twinkle with humor. He has the mental snap of the man used to quick decisions, but the quiet, deliberate movements of a big man assured of his position and his ability. His is the snobbishness of ability and his success has been largely due to his ability to know and pick winners among men. That is his hobby.

(MRS. MARGARET SMYTHE is close to thirty, but looks five years younger. She is rather tall, full-blooded, full-bodied, without being fat—that may come later, but now she is at the most attractive period of her life. She is smart, well-gowned, daring, a woman without illusions. She married frankly for money the first time and now, being free, feels the desire to and need of marrying again the right man, and she will do it.)

(BESSIE HENDERSON is just a pretty girl like a million other pretty girls of the same birth and upbringing.)

GEN. MCINERNEY. (*As he enters*) And that was the finish of the story.

MRS. LANHAM. (*With conventional laugh*) Most amusing. (*The others laugh.*)

ELIZABETH. (*Hiding a bored yawn*) Oh, I just adore your stories, General. Don't you, Billy?

BILLY. Well, when I was in France under the General, I heard a great many——

FLO. I'm sure you enjoyed them all?—

(BILLY looks at her—makes a face.)

BILLY. The *younger* officers always enjoy the General's stories—it's the custom in the army.

FLO. (*Quickly*) You're on Mother's left, Billy.

BILLY. (*Low*) Next to you?

FLO. (*Affectionately*) Of course, silly——

MRS. LANHAM. (*Hastily*) Will you take this place on my right, Mr. Hart? (*He bows.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. Oh, I'm next to you—— (*To HART, delighted.*)

HART. You've been next to me from the moment I saw you. (*Holds out her chair.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. I hate frank men—they are always such liars.

HART. (*Bending low and looking at her card*) Just for that you shan't sit by me.

MRS. SMYTHE. Indeed—the hostess generally arranges that——

HART. Yes—— (*Indicates card.*)

(*On the other side BILLY holding out chair for FLO.*)

McGINNIS. (*In low tone*) Excuse me, Miss Lanham, you're on the other side——

FLO. But I fixed it myself.

McGINNIS. On the other side, Miss Lanham—this card says "Miss Elizabeth Lanham."

HART. You're over here, by me, Miss Lanham.

FLO. Yes—oh, yes—isn't that jolly? (*Starts around table. Low to McGINNIS*) You dared to mix those cards?

McGINNIS. Yes, Miss——

GENERAL. Here you are and I was afraid I was going to lose you—— (*Holds out chair on his R.*)

MRS. LANHAM. (*As the women straighten themselves out, to McGINNIS*) Who mixed the cards?

McGINNIS. You placed them, Madam——

MRS. LANHAM. Why, why, of course—how careless. Next time you place them.

MCGINNIS. Yes, Madam.

MRS. LANHAM. You know, you aren't placed at all as I arranged you——

LANHAM. Don't worry—this is splendid, Mother.

MRS. SMYTHE. And if it isn't as you want it, why not make it progressive?

LANHAM. Oh, I say——

OTHERS. Yes, yes, make it progressive!

FLO. Precisely. The ladies will move to the left after every course. (*Looks at MCGINNIS as she says it.*)

OTHERS. (*Led by BILLY*) Yes, yes!

ELIZABETH. I have never found my place.

BILLY. Here. (*Holds out chair for her.*)

(*They are now seated. MRS. LANHAM at the foot of the table, nearest the front; HART on her R., then in order: FLO, GEN. MCINERNEY, MRS. SMYTHE, LANHAM, BELLE HENDERSON, RUTHERFORD, ELIZABETH LANHAM and BILLY. When they are finally seated there comes that deadly pause that always follows the seating of a party.*)

BILLY. The zero hour! (*Immediately all begin chattering violently.*)

ALL. (*Ad lib.*) Pleasant day—have you ever known such weather as we are having this winter? Yes, indeed, I think they should have let the soldiers out sooner. Oh, well, you know Baker—I'm a Bolshevik myself.

MRS. SMYTHE. (*To MRS. LANHAM*)—You know you have one thing in your house I'd like to steal—

MRS. LANHAM. Just one thing, Margaret—what is it?

MRS. SMYTHE. Your butler.

FLO. The butler? Why, Margie!

MRS. SMYTHE. Well, if I had him, there's only one thing I'd be afraid of—some one of my guests would elope with him.

FLO. Margie, are you serious?

MRS. SMYTHE. The best looking thing I've seen. Just think of marching into a ball room with a figure like that——

LANHAM. (*Low*) I'll tell you a secret—I foresee a series of dinners just to show Dodson off—this is his debut.

MRS. LANHAM. Sh—Archibald.

(MCGINNIS and NORA begin removing the oyster plates.)

HART. (*Who has been talking low to FLO*) Oh, yes, your father is in on it—you see we have the rights to a very valuable railroad in South America—have to build it, of course. Just waiting to begin work when we can secure the proper man to put it through. Just think of it—millions! Waiting on the an——

GENERAL. Should have thought you'd gotten the man almost first.

HART. We had him first, but German efficiency spoiled him.

BILLY. How?

HART. Belleau Wood.

FLO. And now——

HART. We have to find another engineer.

(MCGINNIS re-enters, looks at HART sharply.

HART, without paying particular attention, has been keeping an eye on MCGINNIS.)

FLO. Civil engineer—— Why, there must be lots of them.

HART. Yes, thousands; but the man we want can't be just a civil engineer—he must be a leader of men, a diplomat, and a two-fisted scrapper besides—one in a thousand, because it is a thousand to one against him.

BILLY. I thought this was a progressive dinner.

MRS. LANHAM. So it is. (*Rises.*) Gentlemen remain seated. Ladies change.

(*The ladies arise. MCGINNIS and NORA are removing the caviar plates and beginning to bring the soup.*)

FLO. I am just going to the other side, you know.

BELLE. (*To MR. LANHAM*) I'm just going to the other side.

MRS. SMYTHE. (*To the GENERAL*) I'm just going to the other side, you know.

HART. Oh, there you are——

MRS. SMYTHE. You can't lose me.

(*All the ladies move to the left, FLO taking the place at the foot of the table between BILLY and HART. As soon as FLO is seated, BILLY reaches over with his right hand—takes her left hand under the table.*)

BILLY. (*Low—ardently*) Thought you'd never get here!

FLO. (*Softly*) Billy——

MCGINNIS. (*At left of BILLY*) Bread, Mr. Arkwright?

(*FLO looks up, catches MCGINNIS's eye, looks at him defiantly, and does not take her hand from BILLY. BILLY tries to take the bread with his left hand. MCGINNIS adroitly moves the bread so he can't get it.*)

MCGINNIS. (*Low*) Better use your right hand, sir.

BILLY. Huh! (*Guiltily drops FLO's hand, takes piece of bread, puts his hand back to FLO's hand again. MCGINNIS steps in between and, as BILLY reaches for FLO's hand, MCGINNIS drops napkin, catches his hand in his and gives it a crushing squeeze.*) Ouch!

MCGINNIS. (*With great dignity*) Pardon me, sir—that's my hand.

MRS. SMYTHE. Tough luck, Billy——

HART. (*To FLO, holding out hand*) May I offer mine? (*The others laugh.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. Congratulations! When are you going to announce it?

FLO. Nonsense! Billy was not holding my hand! (*Holds her two hands above the table.*)

MCGINNIS. Bread, Miss?

FLO. No. (*MCGINNIS exits L.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. I wouldn't dare put my hand under the table now!

(*MCGINNIS re-enters with the glasses. NORA begins to bring in the soup. BILLY has reached over and taken FLO's hand again and is whispering to her. FLO is perfectly brazen in her encouragement to BILLY.*)

MCGINNIS. Telephone, Mr. Arkwright.

BILLY. Huh? Oh, telephone—— (*Turns to MRS. LANHAM*) If you'll excuse me—— (*Rises—exits left. FLO looks at MCGINNIS, showing that she doesn't believe the telephone message.*)

MCGINNIS. You wish something, Miss?

FLO. Nothing that you can give me.

MCGINNIS. Thank you.

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Who has been talking to HART*) But why haven't you ever been married?

HART. (*In voice of tragic actor*) It is a long and tragic story. (MRS. SMYTHE *beats on the table.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. Listen! Listen! Everybody hear the *Hart* tragedy——

THE OTHERS. Hear! Hear!

HART. Once I was young and poor and in love——

MRS. SMYTHE. Something familiar about that start.

OTHERS. Sh!

HART. She was the prettiest girl in our town and her father was the biggest banker.

MRS. SMYTHE. I knew I had heard it before.

OTHERS. Sh!

HART. He intended his daughter for the son of the second largest banker——then they would consolidate the banks and live happy ever after on other people's money.

MRS. SMYTHE. George Ade——

HART. I wish you wouldn't let your jealousy crop out——

OTHERS. Go on, Mr. Hart!

HART. I went away to make my fortune, but I came back whenever I could borrow the price. One frightfully hot summer day I came back to see her. My, that was a hot day! On my way from the station I stopped at the florist and sent her flowers with my card. When I got to the hotel I learned her father was dead, and I was particularly glad I'd sent her the flowers. They were putting Papa away that afternoon.

MRS. SMYTHE. I don't see the tragedy.

(MCGINNIS, *with bottle, stands L.C.L. of HART, above him.*)

HART. Now comes the tragedy. My flowers got there O.K.—so did a hundred others. The son of the second largest banker put my flowers on Papa

and took the card to her mother. "From Zack Hart," he told her. "He's a nice boy," she said. "I have always liked him." "Read the card." And to the assembled, grief-stricken family he read the card I had sent with the flowers that now reposed on Papa's chest. I had written, "Just a little something to help you through the heat."

(General laugh. MCGINNIS comes down, pours wine, refills glass.)

MRS. SMYTHE. And the girl?

HART. The next week they consolidated the banks.

(BILLY re-enters.)

BILLY. Nobody wanted me on the 'phone.

FLO. *(To MCGINNIS)* Did anyone want Mr. Arkwright on the 'phone?

MCGINNIS. Yes, Miss, a man.

FLO. *(Turns to HART)* You know, what you said about your railroad interested me lots. Is Dad in with you?

HART. Yes—that's why I'm down here.

FLO. What would you give for the right man to put it through?

(MCGINNIS crosses back to table, filling wine glasses.)

HART. Almost any salary in reason.

FLO. Suppose I found that man?

HART. Which one of your suitors do you want to get rid of?

FLO. Nonsense——

HART. There's some chance of the man not coming back—fever, natives, the rough-necks he'll have to handle——

FLO. Sometimes I'm afraid the man I have in mind can handle—anything. (*Looks at McGINNIS, who hears her lines.*)

HART. You?

FLO. (*Her head coming up*) No!

HART. Huh—if he couldn't handle a little job like that I wouldn't want him.

FLO. Oh!

HART. (*To LANHAM*) Miss Lanham and I were just speaking of a man for our project——

LANHAM. I'm afraid the man Flo selected wouldn't have quite the manners for that job.

FLO. Oh, yes, he has—just the manners!

GENERAL. There was a Captain in my division—didn't know him—but he would have been just the man for you. Won the D.S.C.—named McGinnis.

(*McGINNIS starts up the R.*)

LANHAM. McGinnis—— Why, that's the name of our butler. (*All look at McGINNIS.*) McGinnis, what was your rank in the army?

McGINNIS. (*Coming down to R. of MR. LANHAM*) Buck private, sir—but I know Captain McGinnis by sight—same regiment. (*FLO sinks back, relieved.*)

OTHERS. (*Disappointed*) Oh!

MRS. SMYTHE. Oh, I am so disappointed—I hoped that he was Captain McGinnis. Wouldn't it have been dramatic?

HART. Yes, wouldn't it, Miss Lanham?

FLO. (*Mockingly*) Yes, wouldn't it? But things

like that only happen on the stage. (*She looks him right in the eye and they both smile challengingly.*)

MRS. LANHAM. Tell us about Captain McGinnis, General.

GENERAL. It happened in the Argonne. McGinnis came up there in command of a company of doughboys. He'd been cited for gallantry at San Mihiel, but was under a cloud——

(*FLO is sitting very tense in her chair, watching McGINNIS, and he the GENERAL. McGINNIS stands behind MR. LANHAM, where FLO is bound to see him.*)

FLO. (*Almost under her breath*) Under a cloud?

GENERAL. Yes. Something about a girl. Anyway, it all happened at some little village where he was in repose between San Mihiel and the Argonne, but whatever he did there, he redeemed himself gloriously. We had to make five stabs before we got through, you know. The Huns held us four times in spite of all we could do. The time of the fifth attack McGinnis's company was down to sixty men. He was cut off—quarter of a mile ahead of any other troops. Three times he crawled back himself and carried up supplies and ammunition. One nest of machine guns enfiladed him and played the devil with the men. They couldn't go forward and couldn't go back. Finally McGinnis crawled over in the night with three men and located the nest. He was the only one that got that far, and he jumped into it alone just at daybreak. Then his men swept on, but it was too late for him—he's over there. They gave him the D.S.C. But for his scrape with the woman, he would have probably had the Congressional Medal of Honor.

(*After the start of the story McGINNIS has begun*

quietly passing the soup. Has two soups on the tray.)

BILLY. And to think that a fellow like that could throw himself away on that kind of a woman——

FLO. *(Startled)* What!

(McGINNIS gives one soup to MRS. LANHAM and stands ready to serve BILLY. FLO half rises. McGINNIS is standing behind BILLY with the soup. As FLO half rises, he coughs and pours the soup down BILLY'S back. FLO sits down abruptly as BILLY jumps up.)

BILLY. What the devil! Such darned awkwardness!

MRS. LANHAM. *(In horror)* McGinnis! Dodson!

McGINNIS. Beg pardon, sir—— *(Bowing.)*

(In the excitement the curtain falls sharply to mark the ——.)

SCENE II

AT RISE: MCGINNIS *at rise is placing one of four chairs which are down stage in front of table, up stage.*

MCGINNIS. What can I do for you, sir? (To HART, *who enters L.I.E.*)

HART. You might shake hands with me.

MCGINNIS. I don't understand.

HART. (*Walks over—holds out hand*) I want to congratulate you—Captain McGinnis.

MCGINNIS. Sorry, sir, you are mistaken—my name is McGinnis, but I am not the Captain McGinnis.

HART. (*Perfectly unruffled*) I don't give a damn what your name is—will you work for me?

MCGINNIS. No, sir.

HART. Ten thousand a year to start.

MCGINNIS. Then you don't want me as a butler.

HART. No butler would turn down ten thousand dollars a year. So you aren't a butler——

MCGINNIS. No, sir.

HART. Lord, no, as a civil engineer.

MCGINNIS. (*Skeptically*) What makes you think I could handle a transit or calculate grades and costs?

HART. (*Laughs—MCGINNIS starts R. guiltily*) Good! You are McGinnis and you *are* an engineer.

MCGINNIS. You've not proved that.

HART. No, you proved it when you blushed like

a schoolboy at the old General's story and then covered Miss Lanham's confusion by pouring the soup down that young fool's back. (*Pause.*)

MCGINNIS. (*Laughs*) You'll say nothing?

HART. Naturally. Man, it's the prettiest proposition you could imagine—mines beyond the dreams of avarice, to be developed, and five hundred miles of railroad to be put through the darndest country you ever saw—— (*Involuntarily, MCGINNIS's eyes sparkle, his face lights eagerly.*) Fifteen thousand dollars a year to start with—all the money to back you, and authority. (*A big pause.*) Can't you see it?

MCGINNIS. (*Nods*) Of course I can see it. (*Pause. Shakes his head.*) But——

HART. Do you think any woman is worth sacrificing your future, big work, and twenty thousand dollars a year for?

(*MRS. SMYTHE enters L., pauses left of chair, L.C., hand in hair.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. Oh, there you are—I've come for you——

HART. Good! In just a moment. (*To MCGINNIS, who has crossed to door R.*) You haven't answered that last question.

MCGINNIS. (*In tone of butler*) The answer is—yes, sir, I do think so.

(*HART shrugs his shoulders, turns to MRS. SMYTHE. MCGINNIS exits through pantry service door.*)

HART. (*To MRS. SMYTHE*) I need you——

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Crosses to him below table, L. of him*) I've always felt that there was some man who needed me——

HART. How well do you *make* love?

MRS. SMYTHE. (L.C.) W-e-ll, try me.

HART. U—u—m.

MRS. SMYTHE. Or perhaps you prefer references——

HART. I can't afford to fail.

MRS. SMYTHE. You don't expect me to say "yes" before you ask me?

HART. Oh, Lord, not me—I want you to make love to a butler.

MRS. SMYTHE. What! But—well, of all the—*(Catches herself.)* Show me the butler!

HART. Oh, he's a very superior butler—just refused twenty thousand dollars a year to work for me.

MRS. SMYTHE. *(Amazed)* Twenty thousand a year! What would I *not* do for twenty thousand dollars a year! *(Turns to c.)*

HART. Come here. *(She comes to him. He puts his mouth close to her ear and whispers low, fast. Her face shows front. Her expression changes from curiosity to amazement, keen delight, and humor. Finally he ceases, she throws back her head and laughs heartily. After laugh he whispers to her again. She laughs. Then she whispers to him. He registers, "No, no!"—then whispers to her. Both laugh. Aloud)* You'll help me?

MRS. SMYTHE. Will I? You bet I will! I owe her one, anyhow.

HART. You'll have to work fast.

MRS. SMYTHE. I married my first husband the week after I met him.

HART. *(Moving away from her)* You don't say! I'm leaving for New York Saturday.

MRS. SMYTHE. Two days? *(Looks at him speculatively. He moves farther away. They move a little to R.)* Some woman's going to have a lot of fun gentling you.



"CIVILIAN CLOTHES"

HART. She'll have her work cut out for her—not wishing to discourage you.

MRS. SMYTHE. Discourage? You know you have a strange effect on my ambition?

HART. Your—— *(Pauses, with uplifted eyebrows.)* Ambition? *(Pause.)*

MRS. SMYTHE. *(Faces front)* Ha, ha!

HART. Ha, ha! One job at a time.

(McGINNIS enters, bringing some silver which he places on the sideboard. HART nods toward him, then starts for door L.)

MRS. SMYTHE. Miss Lanham told me to send you immediately.

HART. I fly! I fly! *(Hurries toward door L., turns, looks significantly at MRS. SMYTHE and exits.)*

MRS. SMYTHE. *(Sits front of table—to McGINNIS)* Would you give me a glass of water, please?

McGINNIS. Certainly, Madam. *(Gets the glass of water from serving table, brings it to her. She drinks the water, looking at him over the glass. Holds the glass in her hand—does not replace it on waiter.)* Was that all, Madam?

MRS. SMYTHE. Yes, that'll be all. *(He takes the glass back to the serving table.)* Why don't you let a woman help you?

McGINNIS. *(Startled—drops glass on tray)* What! Beg pardon, Madam.

MRS. SMYTHE. I said—why don't you let a woman help you, Captain McGinnis?

McGINNIS. *(With unconscious resentment and hauteur)* You've made a mistake, Madam.

MRS. SMYTHE. *(Rises, bows to him with mock*

humility) Please don't be alarmed, sir; my intentions are perfectly honorable. (*He looks at her—she looks at him. Slowly a grin spreads over his face. She smiles, too.*) There's that's better. (*A pause.*) Have I made a successful "pick up"?

MCGINNIS. (*Bows low*) It does me great honor, Madam, to be added to your collections. (*She smiles.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. Good! I knew I'd like you! You see, it's the first time I ever flirted with a butler. Even a make-believe butler—so forgive me if I do it rather badly.

MCGINNIS. (*Falling into her mood*) Like a soldier called by the great Russian Queen, I await your pleasure.

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Looking at him with critical admiration and speaking in perfectly matter-of-fact tone*) You know, I think I like you.

MCGINNIS. Do you think it's fair game for a lady to try to make a fool of a butler?

MRS. SMYTHE. I think it's fair game for a lady to make a fool of anybody—if she can.

MCGINNIS. If she can——

MRS. SMYTHE. Can she?

MCGINNIS. That depends.

MRS. SMYTHE. If one knew, what would be the fun in the adventure——?

(*He starts involuntarily. She smiles. The door starts to open. With a quick look MCGINNIS sees FLO entering. He bends toward MRS. SMYTHE almost loverlike.*)

MCGINNIS. (*Sees FLO and plays up to MRS. SMYTHE*) What a pity we didn't meet sooner!

(FLO gasps—starts.)

MRS. SMYTHE. A late start makes for speed—don't you think?

FLO. (*Astounded*) Well! Margie!

(MCGINNIS, with exaggerated guilty look, begins looking about the dining room.)

MRS. SMYTHE. Oh, that you, dear? I was just having a most charming chat with your butler.

FLO. Indeed!

MRS. SMYTHE. Yes, indeed. You know—(*Low-ers her voice to confidential tone*)—since the evening I met my first husband, I don't know when I've been so thrilled! My dear—he's adorable! MCGINNIS straightens up.) I can hardly wait to see him in evening clothes.

FLO. Evening clothes!

MRS. SMYTHE. Of course, my dear! Evening clothes, that's the test of a man.

MCGINNIS. St. Patrick! (*Exits to R.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Crossing to L.*) Tomorrow night he's coming to call——

FLO. Coming to call—— My—— (*Starts to say "husband"—catches herself.*) —butler—on you?

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Perfectly matter-of-fact tone*) Certainly—on whom else? Rush dinner a little, will you? That's a dear child—so the poor fellow can get away early.

(MCGINNIS re-enters, and crosses to R., opening door for MRS. SMYTHE.)

FLO. I'm sorry, but it's Dodson's night in.
(Crosses to R.)

MRS. SMYTHE. (At door L.) Oh, I'll wait for him. Don't forget me—butlerman——

McGINNIS. I'll be there, Madam. (Closes door after her.)

FLO. (Crosses L. to him—in fury) What did that woman say to you?

McGINNIS. I'm sorry, Miss, but that is a private matter——

FLO. She's trying to make a fool of you——
(He gets her attitude instantly and plays his cards.)

McGINNIS. Oh, no, Miss, I hardly think so. She seemed a very kind, sweet-spoken lady——

FLO. (Crosses to R.C.) Kind! Sweet-spoken!

McGINNIS. Yes, and so beautiful!

FLO. She kidnapped her first husband the week she met him.

McGINNIS. Honestly? (Looking off L.—a smile of delightful anticipation spreads over his face.)

FLO. (Cuttingly) From your expression I suppose you imagine she'll elope with you?

McGINNIS. A few minutes ago you were going to elope with some one. Well, if that's the custom of the smart set——

FLO. Oh!

McGINNIS. It's strange more women don't realize how interesting the purely natural woman without veneer or snobbery can be.

FLO. (R.C.) Natural! Not even her hair is that!

McGINNIS. What is hair beside a soul?

FLO. (Crosses to him) I think you've gone mad!

McGINNIS. (Dreamily) I wonder!

FLO. (*Going to him*) Now, see here, Sam McGinnis——

MCGINNIS. Beg pardon, Miss, are you addressing me in my professional or personal capacity?

FLO. (*With anger*) Personally——

MCGINNIS. (*Turns back on her*) Then speaking personally and professionally—sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and I don't propose that you shall have all the gravy for this family. As a married man, I'm entitled to my share, and I'm going to get it—it's up to you——

FLO. (*Enraged and dumbfounded*) Well, I——

MCGINNIS. Of course, as you have three, I suppose I'll have to do three times as much. (*Brightens.*) Well, I think we can——

FLO. (*With amazement, rage, fear and unwilling admiration*) We'll see——

(BILLY enters. *He is speaking to himself as he enters.*)

BILLY. (*To himself*) Treat 'em rough! (*Makes extravagant gesture to MCGINNIS to get out. MCGINNIS realizes the situation, smiles and exits to butler's pantry. FLO turns to BILLY, surprised. BILLY, with exaggerated savagery*) Sit down! (*FLO, amazed, sits suddenly. BILLY turns toward audience with grin on his face.*) Treat 'em rough!

FLO. (*Having recovered from her amazement, jumps to her feet, angry that she, without thinking, obeyed him*) Billy Arkwright, what under the sun——

BILLY. (*Looking around stage with exaggerated dignity*) Sun? Where is the sun? (*Shaking his finger, sternly*) Flo, I am not going to stand the——

FLO. (*Suddenly, sharply*) Sit down! (BILLY flops into chair, surprised. FLO starts going toward pantry.) I know what you need. Dodson! (*Cross L.C. MCGINNIS enters.*) Dodson, take Mr. Arkwright out and give him a bromo seltzer.

MCGINNIS. (*Bows*) Yes, Miss. If you please, sir.

BILLY. (*Rises with dignity*) All right—if that's the way you feel about it. (*Moves toward pantry with MCGINNIS. As he goes out*) Dodson, your advice's no good—— (FLO looks at him sharply.) You and Kipling all wrong. Can't treat a lady rough—won't allow you.

MCGINNIS. Yes, sir—yes, sir. (*Exits with BILLY.*)

(RUTHERFORD enters door L. *Business with handkerchief.*)

RUTHERFORD. Hello, been looking for you.

FLO. (*Backing away from him*) What have you been doing to yourself?

RUTHERFORD. Nothing. Why? Come into the conservatory. I want to talk to you.

FLO. Conservatory? No, thanks, you're sweet enough without the flowers.

RUTHERFORD. But, Flo——

FLO. Keep away from me. Is it just hair tonic or is it some of that awful French perfume?

RUTHERFORD. Why, I put it on for you. Don't you like it?

FLO. I hate it. I hate everything like that and you know it.

RUTHERFORD. (*Turning to L. and clenching his fists*) Confound that butler!

FLO. (*Following him a step*) What has the butler to do with it?

RUTHERFORD. Nothing—absolutely nothing.

FLO. Jack Rutherford, how much did you tip Dodson for making a fool of you?

RUTHERFORD. (*In a rage*) I know what I'm going to tip him!

(*The GENERAL enters.*)

GENERAL. Ah, Miss Lanham—

(*Handkerchief business by RUTHERFORD. He rubs handkerchief across the GENERAL'S shoulders. FLO turns to door of pantry.*)

FLO. Yes, General. Just a second. (*FLO goes down to right. MCGINNIS goes c., followed by BILLY with bromo seltzer to his lips.*) Dodson, return to these gentlemen the money they gave you tonight.

ALL. (*Confused, except MCGINNIS*) Money, what money?

FLO. The money you gentlemen paid Dodson for making fools of you.

RUTHERFORD. Now listen, Flo—

GENERAL. Miss Lanham—

(*BILLY drops the glass and gulps.*)

FLO. Return the money, Dodson.

MCGINNIS. (*Crosses to the three men*) Yes, Miss. (*The three men stand like whipped school-boys, pictures of embarrassed men. MCGINNIS produces his notebook and bills. Reads*) "Mr. Rutherford—for information that Miss Lanham likes a man to use strong perfume, five dollars——" (*BILLY and GENERAL burst into a laugh. RUTHER-*

FORD holds back. FLO motions—he takes the money unwillingly.)

RUTHERFORD. (*As the others laugh*) Wait! (*In protest to FLO, with the money still in his hand.*) He hung it on me fairly—he's entitled to the money.

FLO. Take that money for more perfume.

RUTHERFORD. I don't use it any more. (*Takes money.*)

GENERAL. Really, Miss Lanham, I object.

MCGINNIS. "General McInerny—for information that Miss Lanham loves stories of General McInerny's heroism—two dollars." (*GENERAL snatches his money and sticks it in his pocket.*)

RUTHERFORD. Piker—two bucks!

MCGINNIS. "Mr. Arkwright—twenty dollars."

RUTHERFORD. Say, he must have given you an earful. (*Down c. with BILLY R. of him.*)

FLO. Now, gentlemen, thanking you one and all for your kindnesses——

GENERAL. Really, I think, Miss Lanham, I'll say good night.

FLO. (*Shaking hands*) Good night, General! I've enjoyed your stories so much!

RUTHERFORD. (*Crosses to FLO c.*) Good night, Flo. Have lunch with me tomorrow—got five dollars.

FLO. You incorrigible! (*Shakes hands. RUTHERFORD turns, goes out.*)

RUTHERFORD. (*Crosses to BILLY*) Good night, William—Sweet William! (*Rubs handkerchief across BILLY's shoulders and exits.*)

(*FLO turns to BILLY, who stands, the picture of glum anger.*)

MCGINNIS. Anything else, Miss?

FLO. I'll speak to you later.

MCGINNIS. Yes, Miss—— (*Starts to turn away*)

L., turns back.) Beg pardon, Miss, but will there be any guests for dinner tomorrow night?

FLO. (*In involuntary anger at his cool laughing at her*) Oh!

BILLY. *Feeling there is something between them, not knowing what it is*) Flo, I'm not going to permit a blamed, impertinent butler to—to—— (*Like a flash MCGINNIS turns on him. The air of a butler drops from MCGINNIS. He stands, instead, drawn up to his full height, the fighting Captain of dough-boys facing an inferior officer—speaks out sharply in the tone of the drilling ground.*)

MCGINNIS. Mr. Arkwright! Attention! (*Involuntarily his army training asserts itself. BILLY snaps to attention and stands rigid before his superior officer. The two face each other, not as civilians, but as captain and lieutenant.*)

BILLY. (*In tone of amazement*) Who are you to speak to me in that way?

MCGINNIS. I was a Captain of Infantry at San Mihiel.

BILLY. (*With sarcasm*) You a Captain? (*MCGINNIS reaches in pocket, takes out D.S.C., shows it. In tone of amazement and unwilling admiration, looks at the cross in his hand.*) The Distinguished Service Cross! (*Hands it back to MCGINNIS, looks from MCGINNIS to FLO and back to MCGINNIS.*) So you were that Captain, sir?

MCGINNIS. Yes—and now it's cards on the table between you and me! (*BILLY exits.*)

FLO. Say it! Say it! (*He keeps silent, which only adds to her anger.*) You won't? All right. I'll say it for you! Only tonight you humiliated me, insulted me! Oh, I told you what I felt when you first came back! I knew this wouldn't work out! Oh, I was a fool! A fool! (*She is on the verge of angry tears.*)

McGINNIS. (*Loses his temper momentarily*)
You are acting very much like a fool now!

FLO. I'm not! I have been, but I've waked up!
I see clearly! I know what I'm going to do!

McGINNIS. (*Exasperated*) Sometimes I almost wonder if you're worth it!

FLO. Huh—wonder! I don't wonder—I know! I knew the moment I saw you I'd make an awful mistake. You harp on promises! All right, I remember a promise you made—the promise you made when you agreed to this thing! Now I hold you to it. Now make good.

McGINNIS. What promise?

FLO. The promise to go away—say nothing—let me get a divorce quietly——

McGINNIS. And then make the greater mistake of marrying that boy. No!

FLO. You go or I go.

McGINNIS. You'd tire of him in a week.

FLO. What are you going to do?

McGINNIS. I'm going to admit we both have been fools—announce our marriage and bring you to your senses.

FLO. What! (*Stares at him, horrified—low—crosses R.*) Oh, I hate you!

McGINNIS. (*Follows her—suddenly takes her by the shoulders, gives her a little shake*) I'm going to make you love me. Understand? Love me! Love me! (*Losing control of himself, he pulls her to him, kisses her several times.*)

FLO. (*Fighting herself free*) Don't, don't, don't! You'll give me grounds for divorce or I'll give you grounds for divorce.

McGINNIS. (*Laughs*) Oh, no, you won't!

FLO. I will—I will! (*As she rubs her hand violently across her mouth and rushes from the room R.U. just as her mother and Mr. LANHAM, followed by HART, enter excitedly.*)

MRS. LANHAM. Is this true?

MCGINNIS. What, Madam?

MR. LANHAM. Mr. Arkwright tells us that you are Captain McGinnis.

MCGINNIS. Yes, Madam.

MRS. LANHAM. A Captain in the Army for our butler. Oh, my! (*Looks at him, almost overcome with amazement and pride.*) I—don't know what to say——

MCGINNIS. I don't see there's any necessity of saying anything, Madam, so long as I'm giving satisfaction.

MRS. LANHAM. You mean—you mean you're going to stay?

MCGINNIS. Do you know of any reason why I shouldn't?

MRS. LANHAM. N—no—n—no——

LANHAM. Nonsense! If she doesn't know any reason, I do!

MCGINNIS. What?

LANHAM. The simple reason I don't want you any longer!

MRS. LANHAM. Discharge Dodson—McGinnis—Dodson? You shall do no such thing.

LANHAM. But——

MRS. LANHAM. Don't think for one instant, Archibald, that I shall permit you to interfere with my domain. Captain McGinnis is a brave soldier—he's a hero.

LANHAM. I appreciate, Mother, the social advantage of having a hero as a butler, but all the same, Dodson is discharged, for the reason that Captain McGinnis is going to work for Mr. Hart and myself!

HART. At twenty thousand dollars a year——

MRS. LANHAM. (*Sits down abruptly, says*) Good gracious!

MCGINNIS. I'm sorry, Mr. Lanham, but I've al-

ready discussed that matter with Mr. Hart and for the present I prefer my present position.

MRS. LANHAM. There—I knew he was loyal—I knew he'd do the wise thing!

(NORA enters abruptly from the service door.)

NORA. (*Rushing on from pantry*) Mrs. Lanham—Mrs. Lanham—— (*All look up, startled.*) Miss Florence, ma'am——

LANHAM. Good God, nothing's happened to her!

NORA. She's gone, sir!

McGINNIS. Gone?

LANHAM. Gone where?

NORA. She's gone with Mr. Billy.

MRS. LANHAM. Oh, Archibald, go after them!

LANHAM. Now, my dear—don't get excited.

MRS. LANHAM. She's your daughter, Archibald, your daughter! (*They exit ad lib. L.I.*)

HART. What are you going to do, McGinnis?

McGINNIS. Do? I'm going to take your job!

HART. (*They shake hands*) Good!

McGINNIS. And I'll bet you a year's salary that I'll be the best man at the wedding!

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE: *Hotel parlor in Hotel Grunewald. Windows L., two entrances rear on corridor, one entrance R. to hotel lobby.)*

Evening of the second day.

(HART, in evening clothes, smoking moodily, seated R. of table, reading paper. Colored boy enters R.)

BOY. Yas, sah! Here I am, sah!

HART. Did you find out about that train? (*Seated R. of center table.*)

BOY. Yes, sah. De I. C. from Louisville is twenty hours late on 'count o' high water. You come down on the L. & N.—that's how you happen to beat 'em in. De trains dat oughtta got in las' night jest comin' in now, sah. I reckon de two trains, las' night's and tonight's, comin' in pretty near together.

HART. Huh! (*Pause.*) And did you find out about Mr. Arkwright?

BOY. No, sah, dey ain't no sech gen'leman stoppin' in de hotel. Den I rung up de St. Charles and he ain't here neither, but the clerk here says Mr. Arkwright telegraphed from Memphis for a room for hisself.

HART. Anybody else on that train wire for a room?

BOY. Yes, sah. A lady done wire too.

HART. Is a room reserved for her in this hotel?

BOY. Yes, sah.

HART. (*Reaches in his pocket, pulls out a dollar and hands it to the boy.*) All right, George Washington—let me know the moment they arrive.

Boy. Yassah. 'Scuse me, boss. I ain't George Washington. Dat's de other boy. I'se Lafayette.

HART. (*Rises*) Excuse me, General Foch.

Boy. Yes, sah. (*Exits just as MCGINNIS enters R.1 and crosses down to HART.*)

MCGINNIS. No trace of them yet?

HART. (*Sits*) Haven't heard, have you? (*MCGINNIS shakes his head and crosses up R.C., looks off to R.*) Don't you think, my boy, you're wasting your time?

MCGINNIS. (*Crossing down toward HART*) What do you mean?

HART. A man's a fool to allow any woman to upset him when he has big work to do. Forget her.

MCGINNIS. (*Crossing up to arch R.C.*) Don't you think you're wasting your time?

HART. What do you mean?

MCGINNIS. A man is a fool that tries to regulate another man's life when he knows he can't do it.

HART. I agree with you. I don't care whether it's any of my business or not. (*Rises.*) I don't propose to see you spoiling your life over a woman that's not worth it.

MCGINNIS. But you see, I'm not spoiling my life, because she is worth it to me.

HART. Now see here, Sam. I'm an older man than you and if you take my advice——

MCGINNIS. (*Interrupting quietly, as he looks off arch c.*) All the mistakes in the world come from taking the other fellow's advice.

HART. (*Crossing up c.*) All right—that settles it. I'm through. (*Throwing up his hands—rises, crosses up to c.*) But it may interest you to know——

MCGINNIS. (*At arch R.*) Yes, wired from Memphis. I knew it hours ago.

HART. (*Crosses front of table to L. of it, then above table to R.*) We can't hold up millions of dol-

lars to suit the convenience of your love-affairs, you know.

MCGINNIS. (*Crosses from arch R. to below table*) You can always get another boy.

HART. (*Crosses quickly down L. to front of table, facing MCGINNIS and speaking in conciliatory tone*) Oh, come, you know I didn't mean that.

MCGINNIS. (*Crosses up to R. of table to R.C.*) Then trust me. I'm playing for my life's happiness, man! I can't afford to fail. I won't be worth a continental to you, myself or anybody else if I don't see this through. (*Turns up R.C.*)

(MCGINNIS, SR., *enters R. arch, motions bellboy to go on to room with bag.*)

MCGINNIS, SR. Sam! My boy!

MCGINNIS, JR. Dad! (*They clasp hands, SAM throwing his left arm around his father's shoulders and giving him a hug, then turning to HART.*) My father—Mr. Hart! (*SAM and MCGINNIS, SR., move down R. of table.*)

HART. (*Grasping the old man's hand*) How are you, Mr. McGinnis?

MCGINNIS, SR. Glad to meet you, sir.

MCGINNIS, JR. It's good to see you, Dad—didn't have an idea you were within a thousand miles of New Orleans. (*Puts him in chair.*)

MCGINNIS, SR. Well, you see, I've been worrying over you close to a month. (*To HART*) His letters ain't been happy, so I just thought I'd sorter run down to Louisville and *look at the reason.*

MCGINNIS, JR. (*Bitterly*) And when you got there——

MCGINNIS, SR. I went to the address you wrote. The maid told me that you had been working as a butler—— (*Turns to HART.*) My boy working as

a servant! (*To MCGINNIS, JR.*) Then I knew things were bad.

HART. How did you know he had come to New Orleans?

MCGINNIS, SR. The maid told me at the Lanham house that he was going to work for you and they gave me your address here in New Orleans, so I took the first train and here I am. (*To SAM*) You see I wanted to hear about the young woman from you.

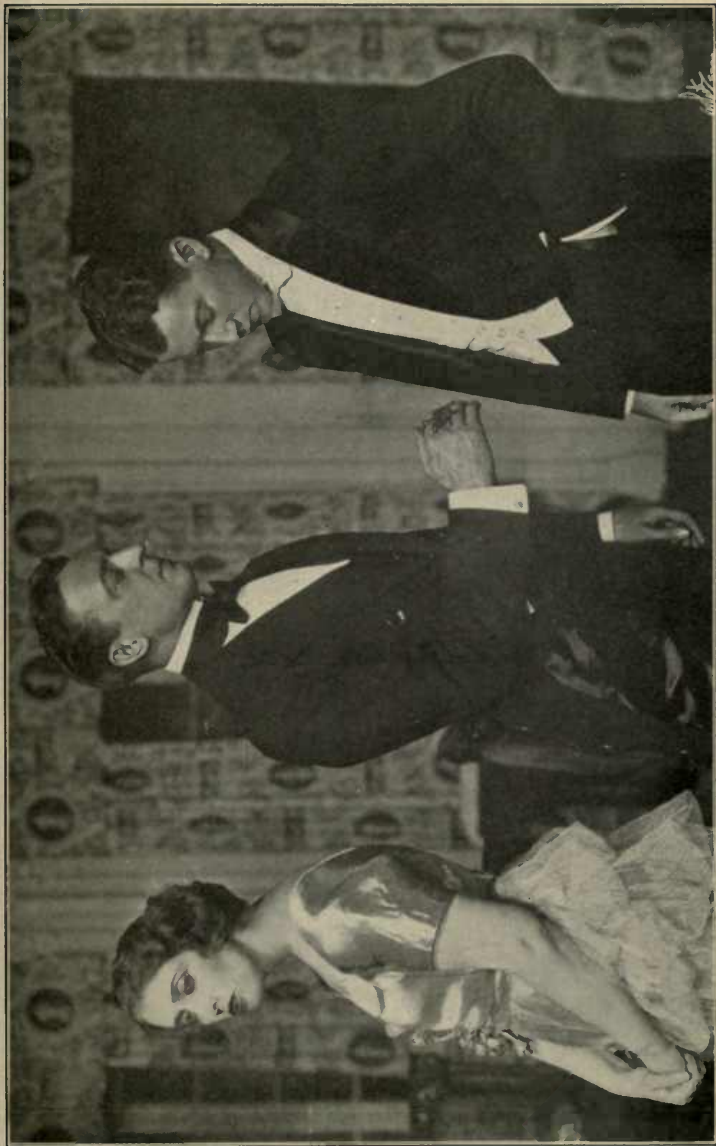
MCGINNIS, JR. Young woman?

MCGINNIS, SR. Ah, don't try to fool your old Dad! You've been out of the army nearly two months. What else could have kept you from your old Dad? What else could have spruced you up so? Why, boy, you're a regular dude. (*Looks expectantly at SAM. A long pause. SAM is trying to make up his mind whether or not to tell his father. HART watches him anxiously, obviously eager for SAM to tell. SAM crosses up R.*)

HART. You're right, Mr. McGinnis. He ought to tell you all about it. I've tried to advise him, but he won't listen to me. From the way he acts, I know there's something he's holding out. (*Turns to SAM.*) I'll go out, Sam. You can talk to your father more freely. You aren't in shape, boy, to think clearly about this matter. Take his advice. If you want to find me—I'm going to get a coca-cola—— (*Exits L.C.*)

MCGINNIS, SR. (*Looks expectantly at SAM—a long pause—SAM leans over table*) Come, son, tell your old man all about it. If there's any trouble, you can talk to me straight from the shoulder. (*Pauses. SAM doesn't speak.*) One way and another I've gathered this much—you're in love with Miss Lanham and she's disappeared——

MCGINNIS, JR. There's nothing I can tell you,



"CIVILIAN CLOTHES"

Dad—nothing I can talk about until I've seen her and him.

MCGINNIS, SR. (*Quickly puts his hand on his son's arm*) She's shown what she thinks of you, boy. Why not take your medicine like a man—let her go?

MCGINNIS, JR. (*Bitterly*) I can't, Dad.

MCGINNIS, SR. But if she's married to another man——

MCGINNIS, JR. But she's not—she can't be—because she's my wife.

MCGINNIS, SR. Your wife? You are married?

MCGINNIS, JR. Yes, we were married in France. (*MCGINNIS, SR. looks hurt.*) I wish I had told you, Dad, but—at the time——

MCGINNIS, SR. That's all right, son. (*Pause.*) So she's your wife. And she's gone with another man! (*Rises. With explosion of anger and contempt, striking table with open hand.*) Then let her go!

MCGINNIS, JR. (*Pauses. R. of MCGINNIS, SR.*) Yes, Dad—but what of me—and the other man?

MCGINNIS, SR. What are you planning to do, Son?

MCGINNIS, JR. (*He comes down R. and crosses in front of table to his father*) I'm going to take her away from him, and if he so much as bats an eye. I'll——

MCGINNIS, SR. They still hang for murder sometimes, and if they didn't hang you, would your married life be very happy with a dead man sitting at the table between you every meal? (*Pauses.*) No, boy—he couldn't have taken her if she didn't want to go.

MCGINNIS, JR. (*R.C. below table*) She's done nothing wrong—she's foolish, headstrong—but she's done nothing really wrong. I'd stake my life on it.

McGINNIS, JR. She's my wife, Dad, and I love her.

(HART enters L.C.)

McGINNIS, SR. Then it's time to quit talking like a foolish boy and begin to use your brains to get her back. Now, when I was courting your mother—

McGINNIS, JR. (*Crossing*) Yes, Dad, I remember—I remember.

McGINNIS, SR. Eh—ah—I mean I've got lots of ideas about women. Old men always have. (*Turns to HART L.C.*) Haven't they, sir?

HART. (*L. of McGINNIS, SR., offended tone*) How should I know?

McGINNIS, SR. (*Starts to exit*) Oh, you too! (*To SAM*) Come, Sam. Come along to my room and we'll talk this all over. (*Ad lib. and off.*)

(HART sits down on chair L.C., reads. MRS. SMYTHE in evening gown enters at R. and slowly crosses toward HART. He looks up at her.)

HART. (*Rising L.C., staring at MRS. SMYTHE*) Well. I'll be hanged! You!

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Smiling*) Whom were you expecting?

HART. How did you get here?

MRS. SMYTHE. The trains run quite regularly.

HART. You didn't tell me you were coming to New Orleans. (*Throws paper on the table, paces to and fro. She watches him, smiling the age-old smile of woman.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Crosses and stops to R.*) Didn't I? Possibly I was afraid, if I told you, you might sail for South America from some other port.

HART. (*Stops, faces her irritably*) I never saw a woman like you!

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Calmly*) Of course you haven't. If you had, I would have been different. (*Smiles on him—pauses.*) You see, my friend, you don't realize my possibilities—— (*Front of table.*)

HART. Um! I'm beginning to. (*Pauses, walks, stops again.*) See here—— I don't want to be married.

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Front of table*) "Nobody asked you, sir, she said"——

HART. They haven't? What are you doing here?

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Crossing to R.—business with fan*) Merely showing a prospective purchaser an attractive line of goods.

HART. I'm not in the market.

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Shakes her head and turns*) Oh, yes, you are—men are never out of the market.

HART. (*Shrewdly*) What are you driving at?

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Laughs—shakes her head—together, front of table*) You're too old and too hard to appreciate.

HART. (*L.C.—irritated*) I'm not so old!

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Calmly—R.C., half seated on table*) You're not so young——

HART. How about you?

MRS. SMYTHE. I'm twenty-eight and my next fifteen years are *the* years of a woman's life—you'll be getting the best of me, you see.

HART. I'm just fifty-two.

MRS. SMYTHE. And you've lived too hard to last much beyond sixty-seven!

HART. (*Sharply—turning to L.*) Don't talk like that!

MRS. SMYTHE. Gives you the shivers. Why is it the bigger the man the more he fears the finish?

HART. (*Returning to her and striking table with hand*) That's the worst of success—you build and you build and——

MRS. SMYTHE. Then you stop short—and you've no one to leave it to.

HART. Yes.

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Crosses to R. of him. She looks at him shrewdly*) You know, that night at the Lanhams' I was acutely conscious that I had met two men, either of whom would make marriage worth while——

HART. (L.C. *His vanity hurt*) Two?

MRS. SMYTHE. (R.C.) Yes. You and Sam McGinnis.

HART. (*Startled*) You'd marry McGinnis?

MRS. SMYTHE. Any woman would marry McGinnis.

HART. One wouldn't.

MRS. SMYTHE. Nonsense! That was because she's young. I made her jealous—then McGinnis rode her with spurs, and, like any thoroughbred filly, she bolted—and I'm honestly sorry, because I know she must be eating her heart out now.

HART. (*Claps fist into other palm*) Good! That speech is what I've been waiting for—— So you have a heart, after all!

MRS. SMYTHE. Of course! Every woman has—only men doubt that.

HART. You get that girl back for McGinnis and it's a trade.

MRS. SMYTHE. Pardon my frankness, but that's the darndest proposal I ever had! (*Fans herself as she turns to R.*)

HART. (*Gruffly*) It's the only one you'll get from me.

MRS. SMYTHE. Accepted!

HART. (*Looks at her curiously—they are close together*) I wonder if we'll get on?

MRS. SMYTHE. (*She looks at him—matter-of-fact*) Why not? You've known many women and I've been married. I doubt if either of us can show any mood the other hasn't met.

HART. (*Looks at her, then turns away*) I wish you wouldn't talk that way. It doesn't sound right to me.

MRS. SMYTHE. Possibly not—but don't you think it'll be awfully nice? (*Crosses to L.C. She looks at him with tantalizing invitation. He looks at her, suddenly takes her in his arms and kisses her—at last releases her. She looks at him breathlessly.*) Did you say you were fifty-two? Fifty-two? (*L. in front of table, facing HART, who is R. of her. Shakes her head.*) Twenty-five!

(*McGINNIS enters L.C. He is in evening clothes of faultless cut—looks particularly distinguished.*)

HART. (*Crosses to McGINNIS*) Well, Sam, she landed me.

McGINNIS. (*R. of HART, a little above him—shakes hands with him*) Congratulations! (*To MRS. SMYTHE*) You know, he told me tonight you were the only woman he'd ever seen worth marrying and he thought if he could keep you guessing long enough he might land you!

MRS. SMYTHE. (*To HART*) Oh, you did? So that's the way you handle things!

HART. (*Crosses to MRS. SMYTHE, R.C.*) When you want a thing, never let the other fellow know you're anxious to get it. (*McGINNIS gives a perceptible start.*)

McGINNIS. You know, it's funny—that's what Dad said. (*Suddenly turns to MRS. SMYTHE.*) Will you help me, Margie?

MRS. SMYTHE. I offered to three days ago. What do you want me to do?

MCGINNIS. (*Crossing to R.*) I don't know—just stand by and follow my lead.

MRS. SMYTHE. What are you going to do?

MCGINNIS. (*At R. entrance*) Darned if I know!

HART and MRS. SMYTHE. (*In surprise*) Eh?

MCGINNIS. I mean I'm going to wait till I see her and then——

HART and MRS. SMYTHE. (*Eagerly*) Then——

MCGINNIS. Then I'm going to leave it up to her and I'm going to do exactly what she doesn't expect.

(BELLBOY enters R.)

BELLBOY. That train from Louisville has arrived. (*Exits.*)

MCGINNIS. (*Up L.C., looking off R. Motions them off*) Just stick around and follow my lead.

HART. (*Starting to leave*) I'll be in——

MCGINNIS. I know—the office.

(HART exits with MRS. SMYTHE L. MCGINNIS peeps out from portiere at arch L.C.; as FLO and BILLY enter he quickly exits. FLO and BILLY enter R.U. and cross down. FLO sinks in chair down R. They are followed by boy.)

BILLY. Whew! Twenty hours late in a twenty-four-hour trip. Still, that's not bad under government ownership. (*Bends to kiss her.*)

FLO. Don't!

BILLY. Nobody's looking.

FLO. Please don't.

BILLY. Why?

FLO. I don't want you to.

BILLY. Well, you're the funniest girl I ever eloped with.

FLO. I didn't elope with you. I asked you to take me to the train. And you stayed aboard and followed me here. And you promised you'd get off at Memphis.

(McGINNIS enters R.U. and starts to take handkerchief from his hip pocket. FLO sees him, jumps to her feet and screams.)

McGINNIS. Well——

FLO. Sam! Don't! Don't! He didn't know. It was my fault.

McGINNIS. (*Looks at them, astonished*) What's the matter?

BILLY. Nothing—absolutely nothing.

McGINNIS. I've just been waiting for an opportunity to congratulate you. (*Takes a hand of each.*) I was just reading about your marriage.

FLO. (*In amazement*) About our—marriage?

McGINNIS. (*Innocently*) Aren't you married?

(FLO looks at BILLY. BILLY looks at FLO.)

FLO and BILLY. Why—why——

BILLY. We—we——

McGINNIS. How do you like it? (*Gulps from both of them.*)

FLO. How do you like it?

McGINNIS. Why ask me? I'm not married to him.

FLO. (*Trying to change the subject*) But what are you doing here?

McGINNIS. Well, you see, when—you ran away, I got lonesome, so I——

FLO. You don't mean you—— (McGINNIS bows. *With involuntary fear in her voice*) Who—who is she?

McGINNIS. Did the same thing, yes. Can't you guess?

FLO. You—you don't mean——

McGINNIS. Y—yes. (MRS. SMYTHE and HART are seen passing at back. They stop, surprised. McGINNIS goes up, takes MRS. SMYTHE by the arm and brings her down. HART looks after them, astonished.) Dearest, I was just telling them about us. (MRS. SMYTHE starts perceptibly. McGINNIS gives her a little sharp nudge to follow his lead. HART stares, annoyed and indignant.)

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Getting it*) Oh, yes—you tell her all about us, Sam. (HART gulps, MRS. SMYTHE beams up into McGINNIS's face as he leads her down R.C.)

McGINNIS. Isn't this a jolly surprise? (FLO crosses over front of table to L., R. of BILLY. McGINNIS brings MRS. SMYTHE down R. of table and, with his arm around her, stands R. of her in lover-like attitude. HART is hovering near entrance, R., slightly uneasy.)

MRS. SMYTHE. Congratulations.

FLO. (*As if in a daze*) Thank you, Mrs.—Mrs.——

BILLY. Congratulations, Mrs. McGinnis.

FLO. (*To McGINNIS*) You didn't waste much time, did you?

McGINNIS. (*Crosses to FLO*) We're merely following your example.

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Now wise*) Oh, there's nothing slow about Sam. (*Hangs on SAM's arm, looking up*

into his eyes. Suddenly) I have an idea. We eloped the same time, we have met here—we'll take our honeymoon together.

FLO. Y—yes—y—yes—that will be jolly, won't it, Captain McGinnis?

McGINNIS. Suits me.

BILLY. But—we had our plans already made.

McGINNIS. Oh, we don't care where we are, do we, Margie dear?—as long as we are together. (*He kisses MRS. SMYTHE. Business for HART.*)

BILLY. You've got nothing on us.

FLO. Please—you know I hate vulgar display of affection.

MRS. SMYTHE. I think all women show what they feel, don't you? (*Business for HART.*)

FLO. Yes—yes—and Billy and I are very happy, aren't we, Billy?

BILLY. Of course, we are.

McGINNIS. It's wonderful to see four people so happy—— (*Kisses MRS. SMYTHE.*)

HART. (*Comes down, trying to force a laugh*) Ye—yes, but where do I come in?

McGINNIS. You don't—you go out. Oh, fly away, little birdie, fly away.

HART. Well, I'll exit. Now I know I'm going to the bar! (*Exits R.I.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. Oh, where were you married?

FLO. Didn't the papers say?

McGINNIS. Why, surely, the papers—— Where are the papers, Margie?

MRS. SMYTHE. I'll get them. (*To BILLY*) Come with me. (*To FLO*) If you can spare him, dear?

FLO. Yes, I can spare him. (*Exit BILLY and MRS. SMYTHE. L.C.*) You're a good forgetter, aren't you?

McGINNIS. (*R.C.*) We both are.

FLO. Six days ago mad about one girl—one girl to whom you owed a duty.

MCGINNIS. I thought you decided to leave duty in France.

FLO. Just six days ago——

MCGINNIS. But then I hadn't met Margie.

FLO. (*Bitter imitation*) No, you hadn't met Margie.

MCGINNIS. (*Crosses to L. end of table—looking after MRS. SMYTHE*) Oh, I must tell you about Margie. You know, she's the most wonderful woman in the world—so beautiful—such taste—such knowledge, such sweet shyness.

FLO. (*R., below table*) Yes, she's famous for her sweet shyness.

MCGINNIS. I can never thank you enough for having made it possible for me to meet her—I shall always remember you for that.

FLO. Just for that? Thank you.

MCGINNIS. Yes. Think, but for that I'd be probably now a raving lunatic, running around with a gun, trying to kill Billy or you or myself—while, instead, I want to shake him by the hand. (*Sincerely*) And for you I have the kindest feeling.

FLO. Thank you—that's very nice. You know, if there's anything a woman does appreciate it's for a man to have the kindest feeling for her—— (*She is almost ready to cry for humiliation and rage.*)
MCGINNIS *sits L. of table.*)

MCGINNIS. What do you suppose was the first thing Margie did when we found we loved each other?

FLO. (*Seated R. of table*) I really don't know, under those circumstances, what she *usually* does.

MCGINNIS. (*Seated R. of table*) She asked me all about my people.

FLO. And I suppose you told her all about your father in Racine?

MCGINNIS. Yes—my father, the cobbler, and she insisted that I wire him at once to come and be with us in our happiness.

FLO. He's coming——?

MCGINNIS. This evening. Expecting him any moment.

FLO. At this hotel?

MCGINNIS. (*An idea obviously strikes FLO—she starts to speak—suppresses the inclination*) Dear old Dad—he'll be so proud of her!

(MARGIE'S voice heard off.)

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Off—sweetly, lovingly*) Sam—Sam, dear——

MCGINNIS. There——“His Master's Voice”——(*Calls*) Coming, dearest, coming! (*Seizes FLO by hand, gives it energetic shake.*) Good-bye—good luck——(*In hurrying to door to hall, meets BILLY coming in—seizes BILLY's hand, wrings it fervidly, wheeling him around.*) Congratulations—congratulations——Good-bye! (*Calls*) Coming, Margie dear! (*Exits rapidly.*)

(FLO stares after him, dumb and heartsick; sits in chair L.)

BILLY. (*Bland—self-satisfied*) I never saw such a woman. Thought I'd never get away. How are you now? (*Comes over, starts to take her hand. She jerks it away from him.*)

FLO. Don't touch me! Don't speak to me! (*Buries face in her hands.*) How dared you get on that train again at Memphis? If you want the truth, I only ran away to annoy——Oh, I'm miserable——utterly miserable!

(MCGINNIS, SR., appears at the door L.U.E. and realizes he is intruding on private party. Tries to

back out and, being awkward in social usages, does not know how to do it gracefully.)

MCGINNIS, SR. Excuse me—excuse me! I—I didn't mean to butt in—I was just looking for—*(With pride)*—for Captain Sam McGinnis!

BILLY. *(Shortly)* He's not here.

MCGINNIS, SR. I see he ain't—excuse me—

(FLO stands for an instant petrified. Staring at MCGINNIS, then obviously an inspiration strikes her.)

FLO. You are Captain McGinnis's father?

MCGINNIS, SR. *(Delighted, moving toward her a step)* Yes, Miss—yes—some folks do say we look alike.

FLO. I'm so glad to meet you. *(Shakes hands with him eagerly.)* We are friends of Captain McGinnis. Come right in. *(BILLY stands aghast and enraged.)*

MCGINNIS, SR. Well, that's right friendly of you.

FLO. This is Mr. Arkwright.

MCGINNIS, SR. Pleased to meet you.

BILLY. I think. Florence, if Mr. McGinnis will excuse us—— *(He is obviously planning to get rid of MCGINNIS.)*

FLO. *(Giving the other twist to it)* I want to talk to Mr. McGinnis alone.

BILLY. Certainly. *(Exits.)*

MCGINNIS, SR. Sure—— *(As BILLY exits.)* Good-night. *(To FLO. Crosses over to R.)* I didn't quite get your name, Miss——

FLO. *(Following him)* My name—— *(With sudden smile of one plunging into deep water)*—I'm Mrs. Sam McGinnis——

(McGINNIS backs to R. At lower side of table.)

McGINNIS, SR. (R. of table—stares at her a moment—blinks in surprise) You are Sam's wife?

FLO. (Glad she has gotten over with it and a bit breathless after the plunge) Yes——

McGINNIS, SR. (Instantly beams—sits in chair R.) Honest?

FLO. Honest. (They look at each other, smiling.) Won't you sit down? (She takes him to chair R. He sits. Suddenly on impulse she bends forward and kisses him. He is obviously greatly embarrassed.)

McGINNIS, SR. Shucks! You—kinder—kinder—(Moves his shoulders in embarrassed fashion—beams) I'm awful glad Sam's married—er—a——

FLO. (L. of McGINNIS) Florence.

McGINNIS, SR. (Half shyly) Florence—that's a pretty name. My wife's name was Katherine.

FLO. "Katherine" is a beautiful name. (Pauses—determined to show she is a loyal daughter) Don't you want to chew?

McGINNIS, SR. Chew what?

FLO. Tobacco.

McGINNIS, SR. I don't chew. (Pause.) But if you want to, go right ahead.

FLO. Why, Sam told me——

McGINNIS, SR. Don't you know that boy well enough to know he's a born joker? Half the time he's making fun of folks—he can't help it.

FLO. Sam has a wonderful sense of humor, hasn't he?

McGINNIS, SR. That's the way I like to hear a wife talk—nothin' new-fangled—just plain man and woman—them as God has joined together——

FLO. (Softly) Yes, yes——

McGINNIS, SR. I have been worried about Sam for some time—his letters ain't been happy——

(*Shrewdly*) Guess that was while you was courtin' and maybe you was treatin' him mean?

FLO. Yes.

MCGINNIS, SR. (*Confidentially*) That's good for him—makes him appreciate you. (*Pause.*)

FLO. (*Half whispers*) You know, you aren't what I expected. Why, you—you are just an old dear!

MCGINNIS, SR. (*Takes her hand and pats it*) I'm mighty glad Sam's married a girl that's not ashamed of his plain old father.

FLO. Ashamed of you! Whatever could make you think Sam's wife would be ashamed of you?

MCGINNIS, SR. I've been mighty worried about the girl Sam would marry. You know, Sam's what you call a "snob."

FLO. (*Amazed*) Sam a snob?

MCGINNIS, SR. Yes, all folks that gets ahead in this world are snobs—that's what puts them ahead—they're snobs about position, snobs about money, snobs about society, snobs about what they can do, ability, in fact snobs about everything.

FLO. But at least you aren't a snob——

MCGINNIS, SR. But I am—I'm the durndest ever about making shoes.

FLO. And Sam?

MCGINNIS, SR. (*Chuckles*) Sam's a snob about his ability—and that's the best kind of a snob because those ability snobs have to live up to what they think they are, and the better they get the better they think they are, so they just keep on goin' and goin' till the rest of us ain't got a chance—Rockefeller and Schwab and Ford—they're ability snobs—and then Sam's a terrible snob about coming from the common people. You know, that boy wouldn't take a million dollars for being able to say, "My

father's a shoemaker." (*Grins.*) When he's going strong, he calls it "cobbler." Of course, I was a cobbler, but it's a factory now. I'm thinkin' Sam never mentioned that?

FLO. (*A light breaking*) No—I've never happened to——

MCGINNIS, SR. (*Smiles with appreciation of SAM'S weakness—with tenderness*) Maybe, daughter, you're wondering and thinking I oughtn't to be saying all this, but I have my reasons. (*Taking her hand.*) My boy Sam is the world to me—he's all I have—all I live for, all I have lived for since his mother left him to me—and I wouldn't tell him what I've told you for anything—but you are his wife, you love him—and remember, that if a man and woman are to be happy together, they don't have to worry about each other's strength, but they must understand and handle each other's weaknesses. That's why I've tipped you off on Sam.

FLO. Thanks—I understand—— (*Pauses.*) Now, what am I a snob about?

MCGINNIS, SR. Just now you seem to be a snob about making your old daddy-in-law love you and you're doing it. (*Pauses. He winks.*) The rest I'll tell to Sam.

FLO. (*With eagerness*) Whatever you tell him, will you tell him tonight—tell him that——

(MRS. SMYTHE appears with MCGINNIS up R. He quickly exits, cutting off FLO before she can finish.)

MRS. SMYTHE. (L.C. *Entering and coming down—cheerfully*) Just looking for Captain McGinnis. Have you seen him, dear?

FLO. No! (*Cross R.*)

MCGINNIS, SR. When you do see Captain Mc-

Ginnis, ma'am, would you tell him to come here—he's expecting me——

MRS. SMYTHE. I have a suspicion that he is in the office.

MCGINNIS, SR. Thank you, ma'am. If he's there, it will save us both a walk. (*Pauses at the door. Exits R.*)

(MRS. SMYTHE *has entered, bright and smiling. FLO is smiling, too, facing her, but hers is the smile of battle. A pause that becomes awkward.*)

FLO. (*With determination*) Margie—I want to talk to you about Sam——

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Sits L. of table c.—beams*) That's awfully nice of you, dear—you know there's no subject in the world I'm so full of. Isn't he wonderful? (*Does not pause for reply.*) Just the minute I saw him I said to myself: "There's the man to make any woman happy."

FLO. (*Gulping*) Yes—— (*Sits R. of table c.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. You know, right after dinner that night Mr. Hart offered him twenty thousand a year to work for him, and Sam, for some foolish reason, refused——

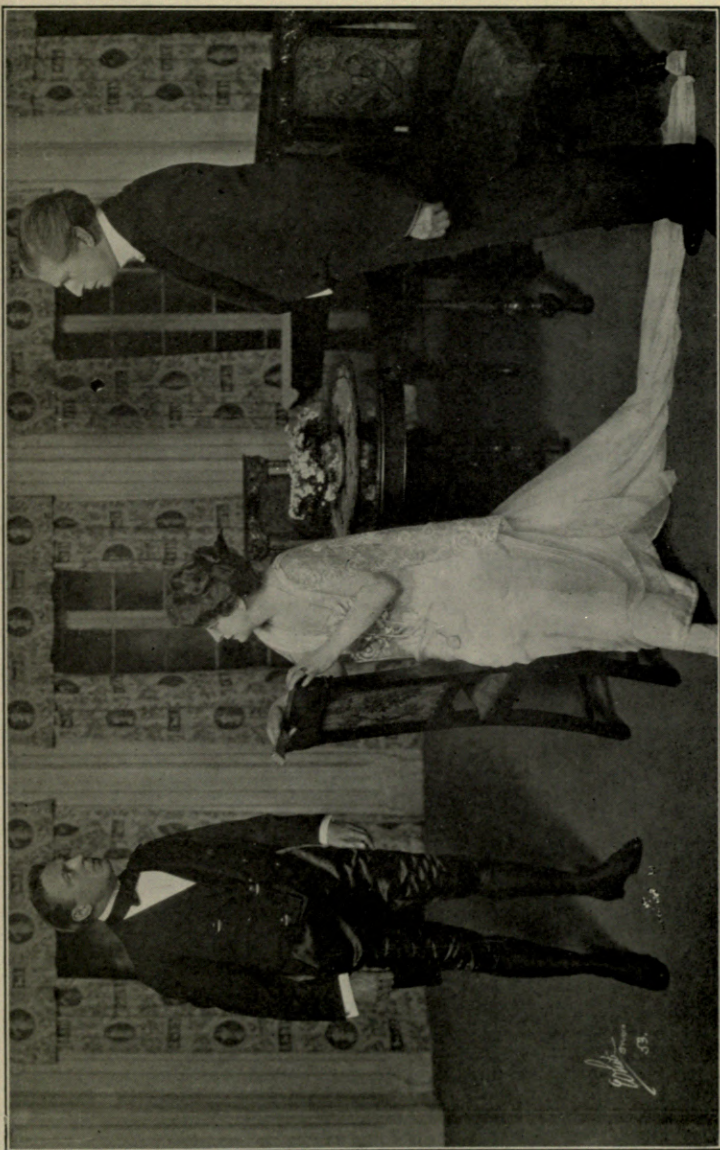
FLO. (*Realizing why SAM refused and the enormity of her own loss*) Captain—Sam refused that night—what—when? What time that night?

MRS. SMYTHE. Immediately after dinner.

FLO. Oh, what a fool—I——

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Seated L. of table*) Oh, not such a fool. He's sailing tomorrow for South America to make a preliminary investigation of the Hart properties at \$25,000 a year.

FLO. (*Seated R. of table*) Sailing tomorrow! (*MRS. SMYTHE nods. With determination, rising*) I'm going with him!



"CIVILIAN CLOTHES"

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Rises*) You? Oh, no—I'm going with him!

FLO. (*Rises*) Margie, Sam McGinnis belongs to me!

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Laughs*) My dear, you can't have them all, you know——

FLO. (*Facing MRS. SMYTHE—FLO L. MRS. SMYTHE R. in front of table*) Perhaps you won't feel that way when I tell you I'm his wife. (*She expects an outburst from MRS. SMYTHE, but she is calm. She is really startled, but hides it.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. Really—you married him?

FLO. Yes, in France.

MRS. SMYTHE. And you let him get away from you? (*With pitying contempt*) You poor little fool! (*Crosses, fanning herself, to L.*)

FLO. (*Standing L.C.*) I may have been a fool, but I'm still his wife.

MRS. SMYTHE. (*R.C.*) Fortunately the divorce will be easy to get.

FLO. You mean he'd divorce me?

MRS. SMYTHE. Well, my dear, when a married woman goes away with another man——

FLO. Marge, I've been a fool—I admit it—a poor blind fool—but I've waked up. I love him—I don't feel that I can go on without him. Won't you——

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Smiling*) Do you think he'd take you back?

FLO. (*Dumb with horror*) Take me? You mean he wouldn't take me?

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Standing L. of FLO, front of table*) Why, child, you had him—you had his love and your happiness right in your hands—and what did you do? Just because you didn't like the cut of his clothes, or the way the barber had brushed his hair, or some other fool thing that had nothing in the world to do with the man himself, you decided

to break your word, kick over a contract, and ruin a man's life——

FLO. I didn't—I only wanted to——

MRS. SMYTHE. To humiliate him and furnish yourself an excuse for kicking out. That's the trouble with about half of you wives. You think that marriage is a one-sided arrangement for your protection, care and amusement, instead of being a job like any other job that a woman and man both have to work at to make good.

FLO. But——

MRS. SMYTHE. You had your chance—you failed and now the job is mine.

FLO. (*Crosses to R.C.*) You refuse to give him up?

MRS. SMYTHE. Yes!

FLO. Then I'll take him away from you——

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Laughs*) You!

FLO. Yes—because I'm his wife and you can't take a man away from his wife if she wants him and is willing to fight for him, and I'll fight——
(*Goes up L. of table and returns.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Crosses R.C.*) But I *did* take him——

FLO. You—— Why, you took nothing! I was just a little fool and let him go, but now I know I love him. He did love me, and I'm going to make him love me all over again—you'll see, you'll see!
(*Exits L.U.E.*)

(MCGINNIS, JR., *enters R.*)

MCGINNIS, JR. Well? (*Crosses to R.C.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. (*L. of table, a little above it*) She's going to do this to you—— (*Makes gesture with her finger—"Come to me."*)

MCGINNIS, JR. (*R. of table*) Ah! (*His whole being lights up with joy and love.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Dryly*) And if you do just that, as you're doing now, you'll have her—for a while.

MCGINNIS, JR. I don't want her for a while—I want her for always.

MRS. SMYTHE. Then do this—— (*Indicates vigorously gesture of repulsion—pushing some one away.*)

MCGINNIS, JR. And drive her away from me forever?

MRS. SMYTHE. Forever? Oh, no, she's a woman.

MCGINNIS, JR. But——

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Front of table, L. end of it—quotes*) “A woman, a hound and a walnut tree—the more you beat 'em the better they be.” (*He hesitates.*)

MCGINNIS, JR. (*Front of table, R. end of it—irritably*) Don't believe in old sayings.

MRS. SMYTHE. All right! Yet in business—do you cheapen the article when the customer is interested?

MCGINNIS, JR. I don't want to cheapen—but——

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Disgusted*) Why is it, about everything but a woman, a man can use common sense? Now listen: She ran away to pique you and that foolish Billy ran after her. She's in the middle of an awkward situation, and neither he nor she has the poise or humor to handle it—and on top of that, you come along, and I've shown her your value and she sees what she's lost, and she's determined to beat me and get you back at the crook of her finger. *She's sure of it because she told me so.* (*Crosses to L.*)

MCGINNIS, JR. (*For the first time warming up and the light of battle coming into his eyes*) She told you that? I'll come at the first crook of her finger, eh? (*Moves to R.*)

MRS. SMYTHE. (*Pressing her advantage*) Yes—will you?

MCGINNIS, JR. (R.C., *facing her*) I'll see her in—

MRS. SMYTHE. (L.C., *facing him*) Then tell her just that. (*Pressing her advantage*) You've gambled for your life—can't you gamble for your happiness? She'll be a wonderful wife if you get her on your terms—but you're a fool if you take her on her own, because she'll find out she was tricked and never forgive it.

MCGINNIS, JR. And I'd always dreamed marriage was a partnership.

MRS. SMYTHE. Yes, it is—with a good senior partner.

MCGINNIS, JR. I'll—

(FLO enters L.U.)

FLO. Sorry to interrupt, but I dropped my handkerchief.

MRS. SMYTHE. I was just going— (*Crosses below table to R.*)

MCGINNIS, JR. (L. of MRS. SMYTHE—*politely*) Shall I?

MRS. SMYTHE. No, indeed, dear boy—I've many things to attend to. (*Pause at door R.1—to FLO*) I hope, dear, you'll find—your handkerchief. (*She exits R.*)

FLO. (L.C. *Facing MCGINNIS R.*) Sam, why did you let me do it?

MCGINNIS, JR. (R. of her, *below table*) Do what?

FLO. (*Sits in chair L.*) Run away?

MCGINNIS. (*Moving a step toward her*) You came of your own free will, didn't you?

FLO. But you were my husband—it was your duty to stop me.

MCGINNIS, JR. How could I stop you when I didn't know anything about it?

FLO. I wanted to show you that I had the courage to do as I liked—to follow my impulses.

MCGINNIS, JR. (*Sits R. of her*) Well, you did it—aren't you happy?

FLO. Sam, I've made a terrible mistake—well—I want you to come back to me——

MCGINNIS, JR. (*Rises*) So you want to choose the easy way out—*quit*—and make me a quitter, too.

FLO. Make you a quitter?

MCGINNIS, JR. (*Looks R.*) Yes, Margie—where would she be?

FLO. She shan't have you! I'm your wife and I won't give you up!

MCGINNIS, JR. How can you give up what you haven't got?

FLO. Don't, Sam—don't say that! It's not Margie—you don't understand—I——

MCGINNIS, JR. (*R. of her*) But I do understand. I understand better than you think. You're in a bad fix, and you want me to pull you out. You played me for a fool once, but don't think you can play me for a fool all the time. Don't I know what's in the back of your mind? You'll admit I'm your husband.

FLO. Always!

MCGINNIS, JR. Nonsense—you've not changed—I've not changed—I'm the same roughneck you knew in France, the same servant who took orders in your house. If I couldn't hold you then, I can't hold you now—and I don't propose to be picked up and thrown down at any woman's whim.

FLO. I'll come back as your wife—Sam—don't you understand? As your *wife*.

MCGINNIS, JR. (*With bitter sarcasm*) Yes, as my wife—to save your name—then divorce me legally. No, I'm through—as far as I'm concerned, you can go to the devil——

FLO. (*As he stalks out R.*) All right, then, I will! (*He exits. To herself*) But you'll be the devil I'll go to!

Boy. (*Enters with suitcase*) I done got yer key, lady. Kin I show yer to yer room?

FLO. Take my bag to Captain McGinnis' room—

Boy. Yes, ma'am.

FLO. Have the maid put out my things. I'll be up shortly.

Boy. Yes, ma'am. (*Exits.*)

(FLO sits, thinking over her next step.)

McGINNIS. (*Enters and catches sight of FLO*) I told you to go to the devil.

FLO. (*Rising*) Well, here I am. And you can't put me out. Oh! Sam—won't you forgive me? I love you, Sam! I love you! I've lost all my snob-bishness—I'm cured—Sam—I'm cured.

McGINNIS. Who cured you?

FLO. Can't you guess? The best shoemaker in Racine. (*They embrace.*)

McGINNIS. God bless you.

CURTAIN

LIGHT PLOT

ACT I

Two 2-light brackets. Not practical. Colonial prism.

One glow in footlights for fireplace.

Two 1000 watt spots, left, first entrance, focussed on settee.

One 1000 watt spot, through window, left, focussed on settee.

Two 1000 watt bunches outside of window, left.

Two 1000 watt bunches on backing outside of doors, center.

Foots—amber and white.

ACT II

Three 2-light Colonial prism, brackets, same as first act, practical.

Two 1000 watt spots, left, first entrance, flood stage.

One 1000 watt spot, right first entrance, flood stage.

One 30-amp. rotary switch to control circuit of amber in foots and bracket.

One 6-light strip, amber, in doorway, left.

One fire-log and glow for fireplace.

One 6-light strip, amber, in doorway, right.

One electrical center-piece for dining table, practical.

Six 1000 watt bunches, blue, in back of transparent conservatory.

Foots—One circuit, amber, connected on switch on stage.

Act III. *Hotel Parlor.*

Five 2-light brackets, practical.

One 2-light table lamp on table, right.

One 10-light bunch on back outside arch, right, amber.

One 1000 watt bunch, left on corridor drop, amber.

Foots—amber and white.

First border—amber.

PROPERTY PLOT

Act I

The Lanham Library in Louisville, Kentucky.

Time: The Present.

(NOTE: The furniture is a mixture of the old and new, as though showing two elements in the house. Mahogany two hundred years old is mixed here and there with smart modern furniture, making a combination that, while rich and comfortable, would cause a modern decorator to expire in a delirium of horror. But everything shows wealth and position and every piece, taken individually, is in good taste.)

One large rug or various small rugs on floor.

One library table up c., running L. and R. Books and papers on same.

One heavy upholstered davenport down stage in front of table, facing audience.

Two cushioned window-seats in window L.

Two pair of curtains and draperies for window L.

One small table down L.

One armchair R.

One armchair down L.

CIVILIAN CLOTHES

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- One small straight chair below table.
- One armchair up L.
- One handsome two or three wing screen up stage L. of double door c.
- Carpet on stairs off stage c.
- Rugs on floor below stairs.
- Bric-a-brac here and there.
- Pictures on walls (including one or two family portraits and some old-fashioned old paintings of various subjects).
- One tea wagon off stage R. with teapot (filled with tea), cream, sugar, four cups, four saucers, one plate of wafers and a small decanter containing rum, which is used in the tea instead of cream.
- One small silver pocket whiskey flask (filled) for Billy Arkwright.
- Three small coins for "matching" for Rutherford, Arkwright and the General.
- One fireplace grate down c., facing davenport.
- One pair old-fashioned andirons for same.

ACT II

The Lanham dining-room—an old-fashioned room with a conservatory opening off back through three archways.

NOTE: The whole effect of the room should be heavy, old-fashioned and rich.

ACT III.

- One of the parlors in the Hotel Grunewald, New Orleans.
- Room is furnished with the typical hotel parlor furniture.
- One rug on floor.

One old-fashioned white marble mantel on L. (ornaments on same).

One sofa above fireplace halfway facing it.

One table in center of room.

One small taboret up right above double door.

One potted palm or fern on same.

Two small straight chairs, one arm chair—to dress stage.

Curtains drawn on windows at back.

Two suitcases for bellhop off left (one marked "F. L." the other "W.A.")

Two bags (more or less weather-beaten and belong to McGinnis, Sr.) off left for bellhop.

Money for tip for Florence.

One daily paper for Hart.

One dollar for Hart.

Two cigars for Hart.

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

A charming comedy in 3 acts. Adapted by A. E. Thomas from the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller. 6 males, 5 females. 3 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "Come Out of the Kitchen" is written around a Virginia family of the old aristocracy, by the name of Daingerfield, who, finding themselves temporarily embarrassed, decide to rent their magnificent home to a rich Yankee. One of the conditions of the lease by the well-to-do New Englander stipulates that a competent staff of white servants should be engaged for his sojourn at the stately home. This servant question presents practically insurmountable difficulties, and one of the daughters of the family conceives the mad-cap idea that she, her sister and their two brothers shall act as the domestic staff for the wealthy Yankee. Olivia Daingerfield, who is the ringleader in the merry scheme, adopts the cognomen of Jane Allen, and elects to preside over the destinies of the kitchen. Her sister, Elizabeth, is appointed housemaid. Her elder brother, Paul, is the butler, and Charley, the youngest of the group, is appointed to the position of bootboy. When Burton Crane arrives from the North, accompanied by Mrs. Faulkner, her daughter, and Crane's attorney, Tucker, they find the staff of servants to possess so many methods of behavior out of the ordinary that amusing complications begin to arise immediately. Olivia's charm and beauty impress Crane above everything else, and the merry story continues through a maze of delightful incidents until the real identity of the heroine is finally disclosed. But not until Crane has professed his love for his charming cook, and the play ends with the brightest prospects of happiness for these two young people. "Come Out of the Kitchen," with Ruth Chatterton in the leading rôle, made a notable success on its production by Henry Miller at the Cohan Theatre, New York. It was also a great success at the Strand Theatre, London. A most ingenious and entertaining comedy, and we strongly recommend it for amateur production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

GOING SOME

Play in 4 acts. By Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach. 12 males, 4 females. 2 exteriors, 1 interior. Costumes, modern and cowboy. Plays a full evening.

Described by the authors as the "chronicle of a certain lot of college men and girls, with a tragic strain of phonograph and cowboys." A rollicking good story, full of action, atmosphere, comedy and drama, redolent of the adventurous spirit of youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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POLLYANNA

"The glad play," in 3 acts. By Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Based on the novel by Eleanor H. Porter. 5 males, 6 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story has to do with the experiences of an orphan girl who is thrust, unwelcome, into the home of a maiden aunt. In spite of the tribulations that beset her life she manages to find something to be glad about, and brings light into sunless lives. Finally, Pollyanna straightens out the love affairs of her elders, and last, but not least, finds happiness for herself in the heart of Jimmy. "Pollyanna" is a glad play and one which is bound to give one a better appreciation of people and the world. It reflects the humor, tenderness and humanity that gave the story such wonderful popularity among young and old.

Produced at the Hudson Theatre, New York, and for two seasons on tour, by George C. Tyler, with Helen Hayes in the part of "Pollyanna." (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

A comedy in 3 acts. By Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. 6 males, 10 females (may be played by 5 males and 8 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. Scenes, 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "The Charm School" is familiar to Mrs. Miller's readers. It relates the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman, scarcely out of his 'teens, who, upon inheriting a girls' boarding-school from a maiden aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girls of to-day should be CHARM. The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school, and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age. The play has the freshness of youth, the inspiration of an extravagant but novel idea, the charm of originality, and the promise of wholesome, sanely amusing, pleasant entertainment. We strongly recommend it for high school production. It was first produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, then toured the country. Two companies are now playing it in England. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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TWEEDLES

Comedy in 3 acts, by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Julian, scion of the blue-blooded Castleburys, falls in love with Winsora Tweedle, daughter of the oldest family in a Maine village. The Tweedles esteem the name because it has been rooted in the community for 200 years, and they look down on "summer people" with the vigor that only "summer boarder" communities know.

The Castleburys are aghast at the possibility of a match, and call on the Tweedles to urge how impossible such an alliance would be. Mr. Castlebury laboriously explains the barrier of social caste, and the elder Tweedle takes it that these unimportant summer folk are terrified at the social eminence of the Tweedles.

Tweedle generously agrees to co-operate with the Castleburys to prevent the match. But Winsora brings her father to realize that in reality the Castleburys look upon them as inferiors. The old man is infuriated, and threatens vengeance, but is checkmated when Julian unearths a number of family skeletons and argues that father isn't a Tweedle, since the blood has been so diluted that little remains. Also, Winsora takes the matter into her own hands and outfaces the old man. So the youngsters go forth triumphant. "Tweedles" is Booth Tarkington at his best. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

JUST SUPPOSE

A whimsical comedy in 3 acts, by A. E. Thomas, author of "Her Husband's Wife," "Come Out of the Kitchen," etc. 6 males, 2 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

It was rumored that during his last visit the Prince of Wales appeared for a brief spell under an assumed name somewhere in Virginia. It is on this story that A. E. Thomas based "Just Suppose." The theme is handled in an original manner. Linda Lee Stafford meets one George Shipley (in reality is the Prince of Wales). It is a case of love at first sight, but, alas, princes cannot select their mates and thereby hangs a tale which Mr. Thomas has woven with infinite charm. The atmosphere of the South with its chivalry dominates the story, touching in its sentiment and lightened here and there with delightful comedy. "Just Suppose" scored a big hit at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, with Patricia Collinge. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

Dramatization in 3 acts, by Anne Crawford Flexner from the novel by Alice Hegan Rice. 15 males, 11 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes modern and rustic. Plays a full evening.

A capital dramatization of the ever-beloved Mrs. Wiggs and her friends, people who have entered the hearts and minds of a nation. Mrs. Schultz and Lovey Mary, the pessimistic Miss Hazy and the others need no new introduction. Here is characterization, humor, pathos, and what is best and most appealing in modern American life. The amateur acting rights are reserved for the present in all cities and towns where there are stock companies. Royalty will be quoted on application for those cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs.

Price, 75 Cents.

THE FOUR-FLUSHER

Comedy in 3 acts. By Caesar Dunn. 8 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2¼ hours.

A comedy of hustling American youth, "The Four-Flusher" is one of those clean and bright plays which reveal the most appealing characteristics of our native types. Here is an amusing story of a young shoe clerk who through cleverness, personality, and plenty of wholesome faith in himself, becomes a millionaire. The play is best described as "breezy." It is full of human touches, and develops a most interesting story. It may be whole-heartedly recommended to high schools. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

PALS FIRST

Comedy in a prologue and 3 acts. By Lee Wilson Dodd. 8 males, 3 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

Based on the successful novel of the same name by F. P. Elliott, "Pals First" is a decidedly picturesque mystery play. Danny and the Dominie, a pair of tramps, enter a mansion and persuade the servants and friends that they belong there. They are not altogether wrong, though it requires the intervention of a judge, two detectives, a villain and an attractive girl to untangle the complications. A most ingenious play, well adapted to performance by high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

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NOT SO LONG AGO

Comedy in a Prologue, 2 acts, and Epilogue. By Arthur Richman. 5 males, 7 females. 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Costumes, 1876. Plays a full evening.

Arthur Richman has constructed his play around the Cinderella legend. The playwright has shown great wisdom in his choice of material, for he has cleverly crossed the Cinderella theme with a strain of Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Richman places his young lovers in the picturesque New York of forty years ago. This time Cinderella is a seamstress in the home of a social climber, who may have been the first of her kind, though we doubt it. She is interested sentimentally in the son of this house. Her father, learning of her infatuation for the young man without learning also that it is imaginary on the young girl's part, starts out to discover his intentions. He is a poor inventor. The mother of the youth, ambitious chiefly for her children, shudders at the thought of marriage for her son with a sewing-girl. But the Prince contrives to put the slipper on the right foot, and the end is happiness. The play is quaint and agreeable and the three acts are rich in the charm of love and youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE LOTTERY MAN

Comedy in 3 acts, by Rida Johnson Young. 4 males, 5 females. 3 easy interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

In "The Lottery Man" Rida Johnson Young has seized upon a custom of some newspapers to increase their circulation by clever schemes. Mrs. Young has made the central figure in her famous comedy a newspaper reporter, Jack Wright. Wright owes his employer money, and he agrees to turn in one of the most sensational scoops the paper has ever known. His idea is to conduct a lottery, with *himself* as the prize. The lottery is announced. Thousands of old maids buy coupons. Meantime Wright falls in love with a charming girl. Naturally he fears that he may be won by someone else and starts to get as many tickets as his limited means will permit. Finally the last day is announced. The winning number is 1323, and is held by Lizzie, an old maid, in the household of the newspaper owner. Lizzie refuses to give up. It is discovered, however, that she has stolen the ticket. With this clue, the reporter threatens her with arrest. Of course the coupon is surrendered and Wright gets the girl of his choice. Produced at the Bijou Theater, New York, with great success. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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KICK IN

Play in 4 acts. By Willard Mack. 7 males, 5 females.
2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

"Kick In" is the latest of the very few available mystery plays. Like "Within the Law," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Thirteenth Chair," and "In the Next Room," it is one of those thrillers which are accurately described as "not having a dull moment in it from beginning to end." It is a play with all the ingredients of popularity, not at all difficult to set or to act; the plot carries it along, and the situations are built with that skill and knowledge of the theatre for which Willard Mack is known. An ideal mystery melodrama, for high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY

("Happy-Go-Lucky.") A comedy in 3 acts. By Ian Hay. 9 males, 7 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern dress. Plays a full evening.

Into an aristocratic family comes Tilly, lovable and youthful, with ideas and manners which greatly upset the circle. Tilly is so frankly honest that she makes no secret of her tremendous affection for the young son of the family; this brings her into many difficulties. But her troubles have a joyous end in charmingly blended scenes of sentiment and humor. This comedy presents an opportunity for fine acting, handsome stage settings, and beautiful costuming. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

BILLY

Farce-comedy in 3 acts. By George Cameron. 10 males, 5 females. (A few minor male parts can be doubled, making the cast 7 males, 5 females.) 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The action of the play takes place on the S. S. "Florida," bound for Havana. The story has to do with the disappearance of a set of false teeth, which creates endless complications among passengers and crew, and furnishes two and a quarter hours of the heartiest laughter. One of the funniest comedies produced in the last dozen years on the American stage is "Billy" (sometimes called "Billy's Tombstones"), in which the late Sidney Drew achieved a hit in New York and later toured the country several times. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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